THE NEW YORK LEDGER

DEVOTED TO CHOICE LITERATURE ROMANCE THE NEWS AND COMMERCE

VOL. XIV. R. BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR, NO. 41 ANN-STREET. NEW YORK, MAY 29, 1858. TERMS, $2 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE. NO. 12.

YOUNG ADELAIDE.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE

When morn comes beautiful and calm
With cheek of bloom and breath of balm,
And stoops o'er rose and violet blue
To kiss them with her lips of dew,
And bids the waves and breezes wake
Their fairy tones on stream and lake,
I love to stray o'er hill and glade
And think of thee, young Adelaide.

And when the birds at evening fold
Their glancing wings of blue and gold,
And white mists in the starlight shine,
Floating with motion soft as thine,
And night in her strange beauty vies
With thy dark hair and starry eyes,
I love to stray o'er vale and lea,
And think, young Adelaide, of thee.

BLANCHE BERTRAND;

OR,

PERILS OF THE BORDER.

BY EMERSON BENNETT

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

CHAPTER VIII.

PREPARING TO ESCAPE.

When all had again become still without, Blanche Bertrand, at the request of Eugene Fairfax, again made her appearance, to take part in a consultation which as nearly concerned her as any of the others.

"It is unnecessary for you to repeat what has passed between you and the party without," she said to Eugene, "for I have heard and understood all."

"And did you jest hear what I said, too?" inquired Seth.

"I do not remember of having heard you speak, except in a low tone, as if addressing Mr. Fairfax," replied Blanche, with polite dignity; "and to that of course I did not listen, not supposing it concerned me in any degree."

"Wall," said Seth, "it did consarn you, Miss Bertrand; but I didn't speak werry loud, kase I didn't want the skulking brutes out thar to hear; and we'll hev to be amazing keerful what we says now, or else that white nigger runnagade 'll git hold o't, and it'll be all up with us."

"Which I much fear it is, Seth, let our tones be either low or loud!" returned Eugene, gloomily. "For my own part," he pursued, "I think, taking everything into consideration, it would be folly for us not to make a peaceful surrender. It is possible we may receive no better treatment from our captors therefor; but the probabilities are that we shall; for say what we will of the Indians, they are human, and have human passions; and the less the evil of their passions is raised, the better, it seems to me, it must be for those who fall into their hands."

"I am of the same opinion," said Blanche. "If I could see a bare possibility of ultimate escape—any chance whatever, however small, of holding out against our enemies until relief could come in any shape—I should be the last to counsel a surrender; and even if our whole party were here, there would be some little room for consideration; but as it is, what are two men arrayed against some forty or fifty armed and hostile savages? There are five of us in number, it is true, but only two to be depended upon in a struggle with our foes; and all are imprisoned in a little boat, which is already so secured in a creek that there is no possibility of its floating off! The enemy has made no regular assault as yet, and yet our little garrison has become weakened one half; and only think how certain our fate must be, if we attempt to defend ourselves in the broad light of day, when it will become so easy a matter for our foes to cut or burn their way to us, and cover each assailing party with so many rifles that the first who ventures to oppose them must meet a certain death!"

"Wall," resumed Seth, a little testily, "ef you've got it all laid out your own way, and want to gin in without nary fight and no bones broke, jest do it, and I'll lay low and say nothing more about it."

"Do you know any better plan, Seth?—if so, speak out!" said Eugene.

"Wall, I kind o' thought I did know so'thing better a spell ago; and I kind o' thought I war going to speak about it, too; but ef you've got it all settled, it looks like it mought be wisdom in me to keep my mouth shut."

"Come! come!" rejoined Eugene, rather quickly; "there is no necessity for such remarks. You know very well we have settled upon nothing—only expressed an opinion; and if you can show us anything better, as you hinted while I was conversing with the party without, we are now prepared to listen to and act upon it."

"Wall," said Seth, looking carefully around him, and dropping his voice to a whisper, "we can't float away in this here boat, that's a p'inted fact; and so what d'ye say, Cap'n, to trying to git off in another way?"

"Ha! what do you mean?" demanded Eugene, with a start.

"We're up a creek, arn't we?"

"I believe so. Well?"

"Land close to, on both sides o' us, hey?"

"Doubtless!" returned Eugene, as one catching hopefully at some idea which he did not fully comprehend. "Well, Seth? well?"

"Then what d'ye say, Cap'n, sence you don't think it's no use to fight, to kind o' sneak out and sneak off like?"

"But you forget that we are surrounded by a large body of Indians."

"No, I don't, Cap'n—for Seth Harper arn't one

ON THE WATCH.

o them as ever forgot them thar ugly mugs in his life. But this here arn't the fust time I've been amongst the varmints; and as I know so'thing thing 'bout thar ways, I reckon the thing mought be did—leastways, ef thar warn't nobody but me, you, and Miss Blanche, thar, to do it—though putting in the niggers looks rayther dubious, kase they're jest as good to blunder and holler as handsomer brutes."

"But what do you propose? Speak out! give us your whole plan!"

"Why, jest this," continued Seth, still maintaining his cautious whisper: "You know this here fog kivers the 'arth, and water, so's nothing can be seed no whar?"

"Yes! I know! go on!"

"Wall, the Injuns think they've got us tight here; and not thinking, o' course, that we'll be smart enough to try and git away when the boat can't, they'll eyther not leave nobody to watch the boat; like, or else it'll be one or two sleepy brutes that arn't good for much else; and long afore daylight, it's like they'll eyther fall asleep, or put themselves out o' the way o' being useful; and then, as I said afore, ef we can sneak out, it mought pay to feel round for the little boat, with which it's like they towed us up; and ef we'd happen to find it, we mought drop down to the Ohio, and leave 'em our traps and our blessings, and take our scalps with us. D'ye understand?"

"I do! and it seems worth the trial!" answered Eugene, turning quickly to Blanche, who nodded approval. "But suppose," he instantly added, "that we should not find any boat?"

"Then," replied Seth, "our chances wouldn't be so good; but we could still try to sneak away over the land, and the Lord he only knows what mought turn up!"

"But suppose again—as it is not improbable the Indians have so spread themselves as to completely inclose us—that we should chance to run against some of them?"

"Then," said Seth, "it mought be all day with us—or rayther all night, kase thar arn't no day out thar, no how; I say it mought be all over with us, and then agin it moughtn't; for we've got arms as well as them, and can see jest as well in the dark as they can; and it's like we mought butcher our way through, and some on us git away, any how."

"What do you think of this plan, Miss Blanche?" inquired Eugene, turning to his fair companion.

"I think that anything that promises hope of deliverance from our present peril should be tried," she replied. "Even at the worst, suppose we should be taken, I cannot see that our position would be much altered from what it will be if we remain where we are. The greatest danger, it appears to me, is in coming in contact with the Indians, either on our first attempt to leave the boat or afterward: still, with the possibility of escape before me, I am ready to make the trial at any hazard."

"Then," said Eugene, starting suddenly to his feet, and rendered somewhat nervous by the intense excitement under which he was laboring, from the bare hope of saving Blanche, "it shall be tried, at the very earliest moment that our more experienced companion may think it advisable!

"But there is still another matter," he pursued, "which has struck me as being worthy of the most serious consideration—and that is our liquor—of which we have several casks on board. Shall we leave it as it is, or destroy it? In this question there are two points to be considered," he hurriedly went on, without waiting for a reply: "first, if we do not destroy it, the Indians will probably get drunk on it; but whether that will be to our advantage or not, if completely in their power, I am unable to say; it might possibly give us a chance of getting away, and it might possibly result in our lives being taken while our foes were under the wild excitement of inflamed passions: secondly, if destroyed, the precaution might keep the savages sober, but make them so angry with us as to bring about the most tragic consequences. In either view of the case, there seems a great evil, and it is of course my wish to choose the least of the two."

"I really do not know what to advise," said Blanche.

"Wall, it's my opine," said Seth, "that we'd best let the likker stand whar it ar', and I'll tell you why;" and he forthwith proceeded to sustain his opinion with such good reasons, that Eugene altogether abandoned the idea of destroying any portion of it.

"This important matter being thus finally disposed of," said the young commander, "let us now give our whole thoughts to the great event before us, prepare for it with all due caution, and pray God to aid and sustain us through the fearful undertaking!"

He then called up the frightened blacks; and having briefly explained to them exactly how matters stood—and warned them of the terrible doom that would certainly follow, should they not, under any and all circumstances, whether seemingly favorable or otherwise, maintain the most perfect and rigid silence—he proceeded to arm all parties with knives, to be used only in the last resort. Except his own pistols, which he concealed under his own hunting-frock, it was decided that no fire-arms should be taken—as the danger to be risked, by an accidental or injudicious discharge, it was thought would more than counterbalance any good which might result from their possession.

When everything was at length as well arranged for the momentous crisis in the fate of all as mere human foresight could prepare, the different parties took their seats in silence, to pass the intervening time in such reflections and speculations as the nature of the circumstances, and the nature of each individual, were calculated to awaken. Minute after minute thus passed slowly, silently, and solemnly away, scarcely a word being exchanged, and only in whispers, and not a single sound breaking the awful stillness which reigned without.

At last, Seth Harper—to whom all looked as the master-spirit of the emergency—and who, for some considerable time, had been sitting bent over, unconsciously playing with the handle of his hunting-knife—deliberately rose to his feet and extinguished the light.

"Has the time come for us to make the fearful venture?" whispered Eugene.

"Ef it can be done at all, I 'spect the best time to try it ar' now," answered Seth.

"But had not one of us better go first, and endeavor to ascertain something of the position of the boat, and whether it really touches either bank or not? for any mistake, after leaving here, would certainly be fatal to our hopes."

"That's jest what I've been a thinking on, and what I'm a gwine to do," returned Seth; "and so, Cap'n, ef you'll jest stay here with Miss Bertrand, and keep the niggers docile, I'll try to soon tell you all as can be found out by feeling—for seeing, I 'spect, ar' out o' the question."

"I will let you go," said Eugene, "because you are more experienced than I; but be very, very cautious! for you know how fatal was the like attempt to those who preceded you!"

"That's why thar's so much need o' me trying it fust; but I'll be amazing keerful—for my old scalp ar' a thing as I wants myself."

"But what about the door?" inquired Eugene; "had we better fasten it or not?"

"That thar's about which and t'other, Cap'n," answered Seth. "Ef you fasten it, I can't git in without some noise; and ef you don't, the Injuns can."

"I think it will be as well, everything considered, for us to remain where we are, and let the door be open," said Eugene; "for if your attempt to trace out a pathway for us should not prove successful, we shall have no hope of escape, and the Indians may as well come in at one time as another; and if you should succeed, you will be able to return without difficulty, without mistake, and without creating any alarm."

"Wall, good-bye!" returned Seth; "and don't none o' ye make the least bit o' noise o' no kind while I'm out, whatsomever you happens to hear. I'll eyther be back for you, all right and tight, in a few minutes, or else it's more'n like that we'll never meet again."

"Remember, Seth," said Blanche, "our fate depends on yours! and may God preserve you, and send us all deliverance!"

"I sha'n't forgit it, nary once, good lady," rejoined the boatman.

And saying this he began, slowly, cautiously, and silently, to grope his way forward, leaving his companions in adversity to await, in most anxious and painful suspense, the result of his truly hazardous undertaking.

CHAPTER IX.

THE ESCAPE.

From the final departure of the gallant boatman, for the space of perhaps a quarter of an hour, not a single sound broke the awful stillness which reigned within and without. To our friends—who fairly held their breaths to listen, and at times felt their very hearts leaping upward with an almost stifling sensation, as fancy now and then gave forth a sound which they feared might rise into a shriek of pain, or the death yell of their savage foes—to them, we say, this interval of dread uncertainty seemed an age of mental torture.

As minute after minute went by, however, and nothing was heard to indicate that the intrepid boatman had met with any misfortune, a wild, tremulous hope began to spring up in the breasts of Eugene and Blanche, that perchance he might succeed, and life and liberty once more be theirs! and while they were thus silently pondering, hoping, fearing, and listening, a whisper fell upon their ears, so close as to cause them both to start with surprise, for not the faintest sound had warned them of the approach of a human being.

"I'm ready now, ef you ar'," were the words which cautiously passed the lips of Seth Harper.

"Have you really been forth and returned?" inquired Eugene.

"I hev," answered Seth; "I've been off the boat on to the land; and ef it had been me alone as war a gwine to git away, the greasy niggers mought hev split thar windpipes hollering for my scalp to-morrow."

"And is there really a single chance for us to escape?" inquired Blanche, anxiously—the intense excitement of the hope doing what the most terrible events around her had failed to do—sending a strange, quivering thrill through her every nerve.

"Thar ar' a chance," returned Seth, "ef you can all foller me, and make no more noise nor I do—for, as I said afore, *I* mought hev got off, easy as shooting."

"Then you are really a noble fellow, Seth, to come back for us, and again put your own life in jeopardy!" said Blanche.

"I'm not the hound to desart a lady sech as you, in a time like this here!" returned the gallant boatman. "But come! we'd best be on the move; for thar arn't a single Injun in the way; and ef the black niggers here will only keep thar big mouths shut, and not make no noise, I reckon we can reach the boat all safe; but ef they do make any noise, it's like we'll lose our scalps; and I'll feel, for one, jest like cutting thar black throats for 'em."

"The boat?" rejoined Eugene, quickly; "is there then a boat, Seth?"

"Didn't I tell you so?" answered the other; "then I 'spect I'm a leetle narvous myself. Yes! I found a boat, jest up the bank here, that's big enough to hold us all; and ef we can only git into that thar, and git afloat afore the sleeping dogs knows it, they can jest bark at our shadders whensomever they sees 'em agin."

"Great Heaven! how I tremble at the very thought of regaining our liberty, and eluding our savage foes, after having relinquished all hope!" said Eugene.

Then turning to the blacks, he repeated his previous warning, and solemnly charged them, by every hope and every fear, to move stealthily and silently, and not permit even a breath of alarm to escape them, however unexpected and terrifying a cause might arise.

"Even ef the Injuns should happen to rouse up with thar infernal yells," chimed in Seth, "we must all keep as still as death—for it's so dark out thar that they can't see nothing more'n us, and they wont know whar to find us, 'cept we does so'thing to guide 'em to us by thar ears."

The moment having now arrived for the fearful venture, the whole party, the boatman on the lead, began to grope their way forward in the most stealthy and noiseless manner. Having reached the door of the passage, over whose threshold they were about to pass, either to liberty or a fearful doom, there was a momentary pause, during which every breath was suspended, and every heart seemed to cease its action. Then pressing close together, they again moved onward; and feeling their way cautiously, and noiselessly clambering over the side of the boat, they soon had the satisfaction of knowing they stood safely upon the firm earth.

All around them was now as still as the grave; the very leaves of the gigantic trees which overshadowed them, and of the bushes by their side, hung perfectly motionless in the misty gloom; not an object was to be seen; not even the faintest ray of light; the very camp-fire of the Indians, if they had had one, was either extinguished or obscured by the dense vapor; there was not a thing, perceptible to any sense, to indicate the proximity of the most terrible of all perils: and yet they knew there were many armed and hideous warriors sleeping near them; and that a single misstep, a groan, a sigh, or even a whisper, might be sufficient to bring them upon them in overwhelming numbers; and therefore each movement was made with the fearful caution of persons treading upon the brink of an awful abyss.

Slowly and stealthily, silently and breathlessly, they moved onward over the rough earth and through the humid bushes till their guide came to a halt upon the bank of the creek, apparently some thirty or forty feet above the point where they had left the boat.

"Here we is, and here's the boat I mentioned," said Seth, in a low, cautious whisper, barely audible to those who were pressing close around him; "and now, ef you'll all stoop down and keerfully feel your way into it, without making the least bit o' noise, I'll jest push her off, and we'll gin the hounds a glorious dodge, and see old Kaintuck afore we does Heaven."

As soon as his directions could be complied with, Seth stepped over the bow, took up an oar, and made a quiet, steady, silent attempt to push off the boat. Finding it more fast aground than he had supposed, he stepped back upon the bank, and shoved it off with his hands. Then, with a quick, skillful spring, he alighted with one foot upon the forward thwart and the other upon the gunwale. This movement, however, gave the little craft a sudden lurch to the right, drew a sharp, quick cry of alarm from Rose, and precipitated the clumsy and frightened Duke, who was just in the act of rising to change his position, headlong over the side into the water. He fell with a loud, foundering splash; which was followed, as soon as he could get his head above the water, with the choking, spluttering exclamation:

"De Lor—golly—hebbens! I's drowndering! I's—I's—I's drowndering! Help! help! help!"

"I knowed it!" cried Seth, ripping out a tremendous oath: "I knowed it! this here comes of trying to save a big, greasy, lubberly, thundering, black, pussillamyus nigger!"

"Quick!" exclaimed Eugene; "reach him an oar!"

"Ef you want to drowned with the fool, or git your scalp tuk with his wool, jest do it!" growled Seth; "but ef I do, may I——"

His sentence was cut short by several quick, sharp, shrill whoops—apparently from parties immediately on the bank—intermingled with the reports of some three or four muskets, one or two of whose balls whistled close by the fugitives. These alarm-signals were instantly followed by several more distant quick cries or calls, and by what seemed a general uprising and rushing forward of the whole body of savages.

"My God! my God! is all lost in the very moment of deliverance?" exclaimed Eugene.

"Not yit," cried Seth, "ef we don't stop for Snow-ball!"

"On, then, in Heaven's name!" returned Eugene, somewhat wildly: "We must save Miss Bertrand, let whosoever else will perish!"

Instantly Seth seized and struck down his oar; but ere it fairly touched the water, it was grasped by the still floundering and shouting negro.

"Leave go, you fool! or you'll drown your mistress!" cried Seth, making a violent effort to wrest the oar from the spasmodic clutch of the horrified black, and careening the boat in the struggle till it began to dip water.

"Help! Marse Seth! Miss Blanche! eberybody!" yelled Duke: "I's drowndering, I is! and the Injuns they'll jest cotch and roast me!"

"And so they oughter, you miserable babboon!" angrily returned Seth, with a wicked oath; "for ef it hadn't a been for your cussed blunder, we'd a got off without a yelp from your brother niggers!" and giving the oar a vigorous thrust downward, obliquely from his own position, and then instantly releasing his own hold, he sent the boat quickly ahead and beyond the reach of the shrieking and unfortunate Duke. "Now then, the t'other oar! quick! quick!" yelled the boatman, his words be-

ing barely distinguishable amid the louder yells of the Indians, who seemed to be spreading themselves along the banks of the creek, to cut off the escape of the fugitives, and who had already opened a scattering and random fire.

"Here! here!" cried Blanche, reaching forward the oar demanded by Seth. "Quick, now, my good fellow! quick! or we are lost!"

"Keep quiet!" said Seth; "keep amazing quiet for five minutes, and it's like I may take you all safe through!"

As he spoke, he thrust in the second oar, first one side and then the other, and sent the boat quickly forward; but the night, as the reader knows, was so intensely dark that no direction or point could be seen; and it was as much by good luck as good management that the little craft was not sent up stream instead of down, and into danger instead of from it. The boat, however, had been headed to descend the creek; but it had not gone apparently more than eight or ten yards, when it struck against a bank to the right. This, though it did no damage, was a warning to Seth to be more cautious; and as he pushed it off quietly, he again propelled it onward, with less vigor and more care. It next struck to the left, and then again to the right, and so continued to do for some two or three minutes. The Indians all this time continued to whoop, yell, and fire their muskets at random—sometimes appearing to be so close to our friends as to cause them to start with alarm, and sometimes so distant as to awaken feelings of the most joyous hope.

At length the boat ceased to strike, and seemed to glide quickly and easily onward, with a soft, musical ripple; and at the same time the yells of the savages seemed to sound less shrill and more distant, as if they were being left behind. These were indications not to be mistaken by Seth; and suddenly resting on his oar, he gave vent to a long, loud, triumphant whoop, in imitation of his savage foes, and ended with a wild, hearty, taunting laugh.

"What means this, Seth?" demanded Eugene, anxiously; "are we saved?"

"Cl'ar o' the yelling pack, or may I never pray agin!" cried Seth, with another shout of defiance. "We're on the Ohio, clean and cl'ar, in a good, jolly little boat, or else I'm a nigger, and don't know nothing 'bout fogs nor rivers!"

"Are you sure, Seth? are you sure?" exclaimed Eugene, his heart seeming to leap to his very throat.

"So sure I'll risk my old scalp on't, Cap'n," answered Seth. And then, sarcastically and defiantly, at the very top of his voice, he called out: "Ay! yelp away, you hounds! this here's the way old Kaintuck and Wirginy gins you the dodge!"

"Almighty God, I thank thee!" was the fervent ejaculation of the young commander.

"Ay, thank God indeed!" iterated Blanche; "and so long as I live, the anniversary of this night shall ever be passed in thanksgiving for our deliverance!"

So they spoke—but were they saved? Alas! they little knew what the dread future had in store for them! For the vail of futurity, as the vail of night, hung thick and close around them, darkening their spiritual, alike with their material, visions.

CHAPTER X.

NEW EVILS BREWING.

We will not follow them in detail through the rest of that long night—for long it seemed to them, because every minute and every second of every minute was freighted with hope and fear. When the first calm returned, after the wild excitement under which they had labored, they reasoned that they had escaped from their enemies behind, though they had no assurance against the dangers before; they knew that many a long league lay between them and their destination, if not between them and their nearest place of succor; they knew, too, they were without arms and without provisions, in an open boat, upon a broad river, which ran through hundreds of miles of forests, each shore of which might be lined with savage foes, to say nothing of pursuit from those who knew of their escape; and, therefore, every minute was passed in active exertion, to put as many miles as possible between them and the point where they had met with such a terrible misfortune.

The gallant boatman used the oar until his arms grew weary; and then Eugene, taking his place, did the best that lay in his power; and so they alternately changed, and encouraged each other with words of cheer and hope, looking anxiously for the dawn, for the coming light, which was to dispel the vapor from the external world, and perhaps all gloom from their own anxious hearts.

Hour after hour thus passed away, and at last day broke, as could be perceived by the faint lighting up of the mist, though still no object came into view. At length a brighter light seemed to tremble in the dense vapor above them, and they knew that the sun was streaming down his glorious rays, and would soon scatter the cloud which had so long obscured their sight.

Little by little the fog seemed to lift and break, till at length it rolled aside, as the waters of the Red Sea might have parted for the passage of the persecuted Israelites; and then, in the mighty furrow between, though they saw not the land of refuge, they saw the faces and forms of each other, and the silvery bosom of the Ohio, upon which they were floating with what seemed a tranquil feeling of security when contrasted with the intense excitement of the perils through which they had so recently passed.

On either side of them the quivering vapor was now rolled up like a massive wall, concealing the mighty forests, with their legions of dangers; but almost immediately, like the batteries of a besieging army, the warm rays of the sun began to demolish these gray outworks of a beautiful scene; and then stately trees, green leaves, and bright blossoms began to appear, as from the receding waters of the ancient flood; and soon the whole stretch of the river came gently into view, appearing in all its spring-adorned beauty.

While the change that we have mentioned was taking place, which occupied but a few minutes from the first breaking of the mist, Eugene had possession of the oar, and was steadily propelling the boat forward, the others being engaged in looking eagerly to the right and left, to catch whatever object might first appear. The moment the bright banks had come clearly into view, Blanche clapped her hands joyously, and in a quick, eager, animated tone, exclaimed:

"Oh, how beautiful! how lovely!"

Far different, however, was the effect of the same scene upon the more obtuse, unpoetical, and practical mind of Seth Harper; for scarcely had the words passed the lips of Blanche, when he started suddenly to his feet, with a cry of surprise, disappointment, and even anger.

"Ah! what now?" exclaimed Eugene, quickly, the expression of his own and the features of Blanche instantly changing from pleasure to anxiety, if not alarm.

"We arn't nigh so smart as bats and owls," said Seth, "for they can do things decent in the dark; but take daylight away from us humans, and we only make fools of ourselves. Look thar! jest look thar!" and he pointed to the nearest shore.

"Well!" returned Eugene; "well! what do you see?"

"What do *you* see, Cap'n?" asked the other.

"I see nothing dangerous; but I am less experienced in these matters than you—so speak out!"

"Wall, don't it strike you that you're gitting along amazing fast with all your work?" inquired Seth.

"We are not in the channel, that is certain!" returned Eugene, marking his progress by the shore, and perceiving that he was making but little headway.

"And how long do you 'spect it would take us to git to the Falls this here way?" asked Seth.

"A long time, I fear—but we must row out into the current."

"And turn about, too!" said Seth.

"Ha! what do you mean?"

"I mean, Cap'n, ef you'll jest stand still a minute, you'll see yourself going to'ther way!"

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed Eugene, beginning to comprehend the boatman: "Do you mean to say that we have been sculling up stream?"

"You've druv the peg now, Cap'n! Thar! look! don't you see! the boat's beginning to back already!"

"Heaven deliver us!" cried Eugene, in alarm. "If we have been going up stream all night, we may either be above our foes now, or certainly no safe distance below them!"

"What a terrible mistake!" said Blanche. "Really, it seems as if there was an awful fatality connected with all we do!"

"It's got so'thing o' that thar look," observed Seth; "but I hope, for the honor o' white folks, we haint done it long—though thar's no knowing what we done in that infernal fog."

"De Lor A'mity' zerve us!" exclaimed Rose; "I's jest hope it aint a judgemt upon us for leaving poor Duke a drowndering! Dar! what's dat?" she cried, looking down the river, as Eugene suddenly put the boat about. "What's dat dar!"

"Where? what do you see?" queried Blanche, excitedly, looking in the direction indicated by her servant.

"Dar! yonder! I's tink I sees suffin moving under dem dar trees!"

"More Injuns, by the eternal thunders!" cried Seth, also looking in the direction indicated, which was toward the right bank of the Ohio, some quarter of a mile below them, where the stream swept round with a bend not unlike that of a magnet or a horse-shoe. "More Injuns," he repeated, stepping to the stern of the boat—a pretty little craft, which the savages had doubtless captured from some other party of whites—and beginning to scull it obliquely across the river toward the Kentucky shore; "eyther more on 'em, or else the same nest o' devils over agin as we got into and out of last night."

"Merciful God! is there no escaping them at all?" exclaimed Eugene, despairingly. "Hark! there go more of their hellish screeches! And see! they have discovered us! there seem to be three or four of them together, pointing toward us! And now, look! there are others running up to the first! What shall we do? We must contrive some plan to escape them?"

"Ef they haint got nary boat," answered Seth, "it'll be easy enough to go by, and say far'well to 'em, with our blessings; but ef they hev a boat like this, it'll be a powerful onsartin operation for us, who've only got one oar."

"But we *must* escape, *some* way, even if we have to betake ourselves to the forest!" returned Eugene, almost wildly.

"We can try it, Cap'n; but I don't want to build up no false hopes; for ef the beasts git arter us, they'll most likely overhaul us—kase, on account o' Miss Blanche and the wench, we'll hev to go slow and leave a broad trail; and then besides, you see, we haint got our rifles to defend ourselves agin 'em, or to shoot game with nyther, and no feed o' no kind along."

"I see! I see!" returned Eugene, hurriedly, in a tone of the deepest anxiety. "If they resolve upon following us, we may regard it as almost a certainty that we shall be taken! Alas! I fear our precaution of leaving our rifles behind us in the boat, will yet prove the most fatal error in all our proceedings!"

"Seth," said Blanche, turning suddenly to the boatman, "suppose you and Mr. Fairfax were alone together—situated in every respect as you are now, with the exception of myself and servant being present—do you think it would be possible for you to escape from yonder Indians?"

"I should think we'd be thundering fools ef we didn't!" answered Seth, drily.

"And in such a case, what would you do first?"

"I'd jest sheer off the way I'm doing now, and run down till I seed whether they war a-gwine to foller or not; and ef I found they war, and war like to overtake me, too, I'd jest run the boat up agin the bank, and bolt through yonder woods as ef Old Nick war out hunting humans."

"And you feel certain you could escape in that manner?"

"Easy as smoking out a b'ar, Miss Blanche."

"Then I wish you to do exactly as you would if Rose and myself were not present."

"The Lord bless your purty feet!" rejoined Seth, shaking his head; "why you couldn't nyther travel fast enough, nor fur enough, in them thar woods, to make a sure thing on't; and as for hiding, why that yelping wench would tell the Injuns a mile off whar we war."

"But I do not think of trying the woods at all," said Blanche.

"What then?" inquired the boatman, with an air of surprise.

"I will tell you what she means, Seth," interposed Eugene; "she thinks she can persuade you and me to run away, by ourselves—make good our escape—and leave herself and Rose in the hands of the savages."

"She don't, nyther!" rejoined Seth, almost angrily, and looking quickly from one to the other. "Miss Blanche ar' the darter o' a soldier; she's the darter o' Cunnel Bertrand; she's of a good old French and Wirginy stock; and tharforsomever she aint and can't be really in 'arnest, in s'posing eyther me or you, or both on us together, is a-gwine to do any sich infernal, niggerish, cowardly thing!"

"Bravo, Seth!" exclaimed Eugene; "I am glad to find that you cannot believe such a suggestion could seriously come from the lips of the daughter of Colonel Bertrand."

"Well," rejoined Blanche, calmly and firmly, "I did mean it—and do still—and these are my reasons therefor: In the first place, suppose it is not in your power to save myself and Rose?"

"Oh, dear! dear! de Lor' A'mighty 'zerve us!" exclaimed the wench in terror.

"Be quiet!" said her mistress, sternly; "or I shall be compelled to punish you severely!"

"Well, suppose it is not in our power to save you and Rose?" iterated Eugene.

"Then we shall most assuredly either be killed or taken prisoners in spite of you!" said Blanche.

"God forbid!" ejaculated the young man.

"But grant it for the sake of argument!" said Blanche.

"Well, what then?"

"Then what better will it be for us to find that you have been so foolish as to throw away your lives, or your liberty, when you might have escaped?"

"But it will at least show that we did not desert you, like a couple of cowards!" said Eugene.

"Them's em!" chimed in Seth; "hit her agin, Cap'n!"

"Ay, but show to whom?" queried Blanche.

"To you—to ourselves—to every brave and honest heart we may chance to meet in life!"

"Rather say the savages," rejoined Blanche, "who will doubtless be highly pleased with such heroic magnanimity on your part—and perhaps will applaud it to the echo while they are dancing around your burning bodies—though not one of their own number, who is at all noted for bravery and cunning, would ever even think of being guilty of so unwarrior-like and imprudent an action."

"I certainly feel quite flattered, Miss Blanche, in finding myself compared with a savage!" returned Eugene, ironically.

"You need not be in the least," answered Blanche, in the same vein, "since the comparison is made in favor of the forest native—who, instead of throwing himself into the hands of his enemy, in a similar case, would seek to escape, that he might return with the power of numbers, and thus rescue what had rudely been torn from him, or take vengeance for its loss!"

"Ha!" exclaimed Eugene, with a start; "I did not think of that! that seems to place the affair in a different light."

"Then, since you comprehend me at last," said Blanche, quickly and earnestly, "let me trust that, if necessity demands it, no mistaken ideas of honor will prevent you doing your duty! Of course," she pursued, hastily, "if I, instead of burying myself beneath these waters, or plunging a dagger to my heart, permit myself to be taken prisoner, it is not that I may live a life of servitude among the barbarous natives, but that I may ultimately escape and return to my friends; and if you were to be killed, or taken prisoners and conveyed into captivity with me, it not only would not ameliorate my condition in the least, but would weaken my hope of succor from abroad; while, on the other hand, if you were to escape and return to my father, no efforts would be spared which might tend to my deliverance—and which, I think it safe to say, would surely be effected, provided I were living, either by ransom or by force?"

"That is true," returned Eugene; "if the worst comes to the worst, that is true; your philosophy is correct."

"That thar sounds wery much like sense, Cap'n, arter all!" said Seth; "and sence Miss Bertraud's gone into arguing the pint, I feel amazing like knocking under, ef the wuss comes to the wusser."

"Which Heaven forbid!" cried Eugene, with a sudden start, rousing up anew, running his eye eagerly over the river, and letting his gaze rest anxiously on the point of the bend where the Indians had first been seen, and from which they seemed suddenly to have withdrawn. "Seth, we *must* escape with Miss Blanche! for, reason as she may, the thought of deserting her, at the last moment, seems far more terrible than dying with her, or for her!"

"If we can all escape together, no one will be happier in the event than myself," said Blanche; "but if this cannot be done—if it should be positively ascertained that I must fall into the hands of the Indians—I want it distinctly understood that both of you, without any fail, continued about insertion and the like, fire to set off together in time to make your escape certain—for only in this manner can you be of any service to me. I pray you understand me, once for all, Eugene!" she continued, turning more directly to the young man, and speaking in a tone that showed her mind was too positively settled to admit of any argument; "I want no one to die with me, nor for me; but rather live for my sake—for my welfare—to aid me to escape from a cruel and barbarous foe; and whoever does this best, will best serve me and my friends, and shall receive the thanks of all."

"To serve you, Miss Blanche," returned Eugene, "is my wish above all others; and so I will put all feeling aside, and promise to do whatever may be thought for the best."

With this remark the conversation ceased for a few minutes, during which each seemed too intently occupied with his own secret thoughts to break the silence—the boatman meanwhile keeping steadily at his work of sculling the little craft across the river in a downward and oblique direction.

When the boat had thus dropped down opposite the point where the Indians had been discovered, and whence all could fairly see around the other side of the bend, Seth suddenly started, and startled the others with a quick and sudden exclamation. Then taking in his oar, and shading his eyes with his hands, he fixed his gaze, with an anxious expression, upon some object on the Ohio shore, and all shuddered at the thought that perhaps a new and fearful peril was impending.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PURSUIT.

"Well, what now, Seth? what now?" demanded Eugene, in a quick, eager, anxious tone.

"May I be hung for a hoss-thief," answered Seth, "ef I don't believe that over thar is the werry nest o' red niggers as we got into and out on last night—and ef it ar', aint we two thundering purty beauties, to hev been out in the fog working up stream all night, jest so's to put ourselves whar we couldn't be much wosted?"

"But why do you think it is the same place?" cried Eugene.

"Wall, Cap'n, I've got two or three reasons for't. Fust and foremost, daylight diskivered us going up stream; second, it ain't much like thar'd be two big parties of Injuns on the river right nigh each other; third, when we come down in the fog, and run into the mud, it must hev been jest sich a bend as this here—and over thar, on the upper side, you can see a spot as is swampy, whar we mought hev stuck; fourth, you know we war towed away and up a narrer creek—and jest sich a creek you can see over thar, a little round the bend like; and five times and lastly, ef all these here arn't reasons enough to make the thing cl'ar, jest ax me for more arter we get tuk, and I'll pint 'em out."

"But we must not be taken, Seth—none of us!" returned Eugene, excitedly; "we must all escape!—all of us!—all! all!"

"Wall, Cap'n, nobody can't be willinger nor me to do that thar—kase, you see, I wal'e my old scalp along with the best o' white gintlemen; and ef we only had a rifle or two, to keep the brutes from crowding up easy, I'd a'most be sartin we could go c'lar, as bad as it looks."

"But we may not even be pursued!" said Eugene. "If they have no boat, we may escape without difficulty."

"But they *has*," rejoined Seth, emphatically; "and I'm afeard it's a much better boat for running, nor your eyes is for seeing, Cap'n Fairfax."

"What! good heavens! do you mean to tell me that you see a boat!" cried Eugene, looking quickly and anxiously across the river.

"Not only one, but a pair on 'em," replied Seth, "and what's wuss; and more of it, they're not boats like this here, but two light canoes, that'll ride the water like bubbles, and come arter us like a couple of hounds arter a deer."

"I do not see them," said Eugene.

"I think I do!" observed Blanche, quickly; "just below the creek yonder, gliding along close under the overhanging bushes."

"Thems em!" returned Seth; "it jest takes some women to see fur and quick!"

"Ah! I see them now!" exclaimed Eugene; "but I perceive nothing in their motion that indicates an intention of giving chase to us."

"That's exactly what the cunning dogs want to make us believe," said Seth. "You see, they're hoping we don't see 'em at all; and thar object ar' to drop down and git quietly ahead o' us, and then come round and make a sure thing on't."

"Then, knowing this, Seth, why do you delay here a single moment? why not put in all your skill and strength, and endeavor to head them, and keep ahead of them?"

"Jest bekase human strength and skill wouldn't do it, Cap'n; all the skill and strength as we could lay out on this boat wouldn't do at all; they could send thar feather crafts two miles to our one."

"Then, as I see nothing that we can gain by remaining on the river," returned Eugene, quickly, "I think it best for all of us to take to the woods at once, and trust the rest to Providence! We can no more than be killed or captured there, and it is possible we may not even be followed; and even if the worst should come, and Miss Blanche should still persist in having us desert her, and thus leave her to be killed or spared, as the savages might see fit, you know it will be just as easy for us to do it then as now! Come, Seth, what say you to this?"

Before the boatman replied, he took a deliberate and careful survey of the river, above and below, and seemed to ponder all the chances.

"I reckon your last idea are so'thing better'n trying to outrun the niggers on the water," he said at length; "but I've got another plan, which, by playing possum a bit, I may fotch to work."

"Ha! well! what is it?" demanded Eugene, eagerly, with a slight brightening as of hope.

"'Bout half a mile below here, on this side, thar's a creek."

"I do not see it," returned Eugene, looking in the direction indicated.

"Wall, Cap'n, I sees whar it comes in, and so I knows it's thar."

"Well! well! go on! What do you propose?"

"Why, ef we can keep the brutes from 'specting we sees 'em, it's like we'll be able to keep along down quiet, even ef they does git a leetle ahead; and the moment we reaches that creek, ef it's a good dodging place, we'll use it, and do the best we can; and ef it's like some I've seed afore today—deep, narrow, and twisting around under overhanging trees—the thundering cowards mought think twice afore follering us, 'specially ef they don't happen to know that we haint got nary rifle along."

"Oh, if it can be done, in Heaven's name do it!" cried Eugene, clasping his hands.

"I'll do it ef I can," said Seth. "All of you sit down, and keep powerful quiet and easy, and I'll jest purtend I don't see nothing, and try to keep along down about as fast as the brutes does. From the way they're working, I rayther think they 'spect we has our rifles along; and ef so, they'll try to keep cl'ar of us till they can git a chance to gin us the fust shot—and afore that happens, we'll be into the creek, or else I'm not a good guesser."

"The shore along here," said Eugene, pointing to the Kentucky bank, which was only a few yards distant, "appears to have a close wood, and dense undergrowth; and if we cannot reach the creek ere they attempt to cross to us, I think we might so conceal our boat among some of the overhanging limbs and bushes, that it could not be found without difficulty, which would give us some considerable time to push our way into the forest before our trail could be discovered. What do you say to this, Miss Blanche? for of course we must have your assent before we can act."

"I am willing and anxious to try any means that will give us the promise of escape," she replied. "The only objection I had to betaking myself to the forest, was the almost certainty, according to Seth's account, of my not being able to escape, and thus so retarding your movements that you could not; but only show me a hope of the attempt being successful, and I shall be as eager for the trial as either of you."

There were a few more remarks of a similar nature, and then the conversation ceased entirely, and each eye was kept steadily fixed upon the two canoes already mentioned; while Seth, maintaining his position at the stern, continued to scull the boat easily and quietly along down the river. The Indians, owing to the fact that they kept close in to the Ohio bank—so close as scarcely to be perceptible against the black and sometimes leafy background—moved along at a pace which scarcely exceeded that of our friends, who in consequence began to feel the renewed pleasures of hope, and yet fairly trembled as they did so, lest they should again be disappointed in a matter which was literally of life and death importance to them.

Thus matters continued till the mouth of the creek could be clearly perceived, some two or three hundred yards distant; whens uddenly the Indians, as if comprehending the design of our friends, shot boldly out from their own bank, and came swiftly across the river toward the very point which the latter were so anxious to reach in advance of them.

"Now for't!" exclaimed Seth, putting all his skill and strength to the oar, which fairly bent under his Herculean efforts; "now for't! for the devils mistrust our quiet operations, and they're a gwine to make a sure thing on't ef they can."

"Can I assist you?" said Eugene, nervously, stepping back to the boatman, and offering to take hold of the oar with him.

"No!" answered the other—"you can't do nothing—nothing, Cap'n—for I've got as much strength as this bit o' timber'll bear—and what I can't do a'one can't be done."

"Great God! how fast they come!" cried Eugene, despairingly, as he stood watching their progress and trembling with excitement. "It is but a minute or two since they struck out, and now I can almost count their numbers!"

"I told you so, Cap'n! I told you so!" returned Seth, with not a little anxiety depicted on his own rough features, as he bent to his work with almost superhuman efforts; "I told you they could do two miles to our one, and it'll be a powerful tight rub for us to go in much ahead of 'em."

"Then hold up, and let us try the forest here!"

"No! no! that'll never do, Cap'n! we shouldn't git a mile—maybe not half a mile—afore they'd be on to us!"

"Do you mean we could not all escape?" inquired Blanche, "or you alone?"

"I meant all," answered Seth.

"Then do what *I* have advised!" she quickly rejoined; "run the boat against the bank, escape yourselves, and leave me and Rose to their mercy!"

"Oh, Miss Blanche, how can you advise this?" cried Eugene, with a look and tone that betrayed the secret agony of his inmost soul.

"I not only *advise* it, but I *command* it!" answered Blanche firmly, almost sternly; "and wo betide you if you heed not my words! If I am to die, do you think I should be spared on your account? and if spared, do you think I want you with me in captivity, with not a friend at large to report my fate or bring me succor?"

"But we'll try for the creek fust," chimed in Seth; "and maybe we'll reach it in time to gin us a better chance."

"But the Indian canoes can follow there as well as on the Ohio; and must, according to your own account, and by the perception of my own eyes, overtake us in a few minutes at the longest; and so what will you gain? Nothing! nothing! What will you lose? All! all! Quick! quick! to the shore, I say, and save yourselves ere it shall be too late!"

"Not yit!" returned Seth, as he seemed to increase his exertions, with great beads of sweat rolling down his sun-browned face: "not yit, Miss Bertrand!—for the honor o' old Wirginy, not yit! I'm bound for the creek, and I'm a gwine to go through! Keep quiet, all o' you, and we'll soon be thar, and then the Lord he only knows what'll turn up!"

It was the work of only a few minutes to reach the junction of the little stream with the Ohio; but those were minutes of torture to those who sat in that little boat, and in breathless suspense watched the seemingly sluggish motion of their own little craft, and the much swifter-gliding vessels of their savage foes.

But the distance which the Indians had to come to reach our friends, was much greater than appeared to their excited fancies; and on gaining the mouth of the creek, it was with a slight feeling of hope that they beheld their enemies only a little nearer to them than the center of the Ohio. The creek, too, proved to be all that they could have hoped—deep, narrow, and winding, with level and somewhat swampy banks, with here and there gigantic trees interlocking their branches overhead, and bushes growing close to the water's edge, their dark green foliage so bending and dipping as to render perfect concealment behind some of their leafy screens an apparently easy matter.

With a loud shout of defiance, as he glanced up the creek and back at his pursuers, Seth sent the boat forward with all his might—the Indians at the same time giving a few answering yells, and seemingly redoubling their exertions. In less than a minute from the time of entering the winding creek, the Ohio was completely shut from the view of the fugitives, who now eagerly cast about them, in the twilight of the deep shadows, for some place of concealment, well knowing that it was utterly impossible for them to escape by steady flight, should their enemies continue the chase, which no one doubted they would do.

The creek, as we have said, had nearly level and swampy banks—the water here and there setting back under heavy cypress trees, alders, willows, and birches; and on reaching one of these inlets, after ascending perhaps a hundred yards, Seth suddenly turned the boat into it, and ran it back as far as it would go—all the way through a dense thicket, in which it would be impossible for anyone to discover it without approaching within a few feet—while the parties thus concealed, being in the darkest shade, had the advantage of being able to see outward from themselves to a much greater distance.

"Here," said Seth, in a low, guarded tone, "we'll jest make a stand and do the best we can; and ef we keep powerful still, and don't make a bit o' noise, the greasy imps will hev a good hunt afore they find us; and even arter that, it don't foller they're a gwine to take us easy."

"If Miss Blanche will only permit us to make a final stand here," said Eugene, hurriedly, "I believe, with the advantage we have, we can maintain our ground, and perhaps come off victorious."

"I will gladly permit anything but certain capture," replied Blanche. "If, from your position, and the number of the enemy in pursuit, you think there is *any* chance of victory whatever, do your duty bravely and nobly—and even fall, if so the Lord wills, like heroes. But if you find, at the last moment, that it must be either death, captivity, or flight—let it be flight, without regard to myself! Promise me this, and I will raise no further objections to your desire of defending me to the last."

"Thank you! and sacredly do I promise you all you ask!" returned Eugene, at the same time producing his pistols, examining their priming, drawing his knife, and thus preparing for desperate action.

In less than a couple of minutes everything was arranged for defence. Getting Blanche and her servant to lie down in the boat, so as to avoid a chance shot, Eugene and Seth passed down the little inlet about ten feet, to a spot where the two banks came so close together as barely to permit the passage of a small boat. Here, taking their positions, one on either side of the channel, each armed with a knife and pistol, they concealed themselves among the thick bushes, so that the Indians, should they attempt to pass up in a canoe in search of them, would be fairly within reach of their arms; and this advantage of surprise and attack, it was thought, would render the two equal to four, or six, or even a larger number of their foes—about ten of whom were supposed to be in pursuit, five in each canoe.

Scarcely had they got themselves properly settled in their ambush, when several loud whoops, yells, and screeches went floating past on the light breeze.

"Thar," muttered Seth, "the devils hev reached the creek; and now they think they've got us; but they haint yit; and what's more, it's my opine they won't, and carry all thar top-knots back with 'em! Now, then, everybody keep powerful quiet—and don't speak, nor whisper, nor breathe loud nyther—and thar'll be a heap o' fun yit afore we git through."

With this all conversation ceased for the time, and a deep and solemn silence prevailed, during which each listened with breathless interest for any sound which might indicate the approach of the enemy, and the actual crisis in the fate of all.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

A CUTE TRICK.—A Yankee, one day, asked his lawyer how an heiress might be carried off. "You cannot do it with safety," said the counselor; "but I'll tell you what you may do. Let her mount a horse and hold a bridle-whip; do you then mount behind her, and you are safe, for she runs away with you." The next day the lawyer found that it was his own daughter who had run away with his client.

A VOICE.

BY ALICE CARY.

A voice is calling to me!
When my eye is dim, and my ear is dull
To all that is great and gracious, full
Of pity as it can be.

Troubled with all unrest;
As I watch, from its sister waves apart,
Some glad wave climbing to break its heart
On the shore's unloving breast.

In the unfriendly street,
When I see the sinful wait, and say,
"But for God's grace I had been as they,"
Tender, and very sweet.

Whenever my conscience tries
To find excuse for the wrong I've done
Anywhere under the shining sun—
Like a thunder-tone it cries.

Like a dream of flowers and trees
And cheeks that are brighter with loving bloom,
To a mariner borne through the arctic gloom,
By the drift of the frozen seas;

So through the din and dust,
It comes, and hushes my vain regret,
Saying, "God will bring good out of evil yet,
And though he should slay thee, trust."

THE BETTER CHOICE.

BY CLARA SYDNEY.

Once upon a time there were two young men, brothers, sons of "genteel" parents in moderate circumstances. They were handsome, well educated young men; and for each of them the heart of many a fair maiden beat fondly.

The training of these brothers had been such as taught them great regard for the wishes of their parents—it was a very great misfortune that parents whose influence was so great had not always exercised it to better purpose.

Now each of these young men, one of whom was called Leo, and the other Cassius, loved, better than all others, one young maiden. Neither of these favored girls was very beautiful, and neither was rich; one of them, the beloved of Cassius, was very poor; but she was sensible, intelligent and refined; and to Cassius she was the most lovely being on earth.

Leo also loved his chosen lady as much as he loved anything in the world but himself. He was the most ardent and endearing of lovers *when he was with* the light-eyed Mercy—so was she called—and she loved him as a deep-hearted woman seldom loves but once. In her eyes he was the most beautiful, graceful, and agreeable being that was ever made. She had no heart, no thoughts for any other—he was literally, as far as earthly things were concerned, her all in all. Her mother used sometimes to warn Mercy that it is never safe or well to love so utterly any mortal creature; she told her child again and again that God alone was worthy of any being's *whole* heart; but Mercy could not recall her affections; she could not stem their flow. When she tried to reason with herself, in her mother's way, if Leo crossed her sight it was all over. Towards *him* with resistless force swept every feeling and emotion of her nature. Poor Mercy! she was, it is to be feared, an idolater—and the punishment of such is indeed sore.

The brothers were free from that foolish and cowardly impulse—that afflicts so many persons—to deny that they love, and to shun all mention of the object of that love, as if there was guilt and shame in the thought. They took great pleasure in talking together of Mercy and Anna. Each brother was pleased with the choice of the other; which rendered things doubly agreeable. Next to seeing and conversing face to face with a friend, comes the pleasure of talking of that friend to some one who values him. Wo to that poor heart which, loving unto the uttermost, must yet exert itself, even unto bursting, to cover and to guard from every eye what still is struggling wildly to break forth; what rolls and towers like the restless sea, straining at every pore, and always mourning—wo, wo—to that poor heart!

But there were two beautiful young *heiresses*, who loved these brothers; and when this fact came to the knowledge of the parents of our heroes, they called their sons to them, and gave them an earnest charge to win those loving heiresses for their wives. The advantages, for young men just starting in life, of wealth and elevated position were fully set forth. The ladies in question were of a proud family, in the very topmost rank of American society; connected in various ways with the talent of the country, and with the leading men of the government. The pride and ambition of the young men were adroitly touched, and upon their imaginations arose visions of palace-homes, hosts of servants, senatorial honors, and, even, they caught a glimpse of the President's chair making as though it were sliding toward them with intentions of going *under* them. Their heads whirled, and the thought of their humble and confiding little cottage friends "went under," as a plank will go when struck by the keel of a steamer.

The influence of this parental harangue was visibly felt by both brothers. They did not visit Mercy or Anna that evening, nor did they mention their names one to the other. They lay silently upon their pillows, the sweet old dreams of love and faith put to flight by the gaudy flutterings of ambition, and "the greed of gain."

It chanced that upon the next day these brothers were out on the lake fishing. There was with them a widower; a free-spoken, jolly-hearted sort of fellow; and he seemed very much inclined to interest himself in the affairs of Leo and Cassius. He had heard of their partiality to Mercy and Anna, and most heartily did he congratulate the young men upon their good sense and good fortune in having become engaged to such admirable girls.

"I am engaged to no girl," said Leo, reddening very much.

"How!" exclaimed Mr. Andross, in astonishment. "Not engaged to Mercy Kent?"

"No."

"Well, then, you certainly *ought* to be—a man that *can* be engaged to her and is not is a fool; and one that allows her to put vain confidence in him is a villain; that's all I've got to say;" blurted out Andross, mystified and offended at the tone and manner of Leo.

"I should think you had said about enough," said Leo, frowning darkly; his fair, handsome face deformed by an evil, revengeful look.

"Here, here, none of that, if you please, gentlemen—we are out on a *pleasure* party, and don't want any hard words, or black looks; if Leo *can't* exactly make up his mind among so many pretty girls, who can blame him. I say a fellow that's so high in female favor—with the *rich* ones—too, can't be *expected* to know his own mind in a minute. Here, lend a hand to haul in this fish. I vow, I believe I've caught a whale," exclaimed a lively member of the party.

The line was hauled in, and the creature on the end of it proved to be not a whale, but a horrid-looking great water-snake; and the first thing he did on being pulled aboard was to flirt his evil-looking carcass almost into the face of the disgusted Leo.

"It's the devil himself, and he's after *you!*" shouted Andross, as the young men made haste to cast out their unwelcome prize. "Now, youngsters, one and all, I've got a word to say to you, and I am going to say it—you can like it, or *not* like it, just as it suits you—but I've been through the mill, and have *earned* a right to say that I know what I'm talking about; and I tell you that a young man, I care not who he is, had better go to the poor-house than to marry a girl who is richer than he is. He'll be made miserable just as sure as he is a living man; and if he marries her *because* she's rich, rather than because he loves her, he deserves all the trouble he will have. I am going to marry again as soon as I can get any one that I like, and she will have me; and there is one thing that I'm very sure of, I shall take for my second wife a poor girl."

"Well done, old fellow—it's to be hoped that you'll stick to your text, for your purse is long enough for two, and there are plenty of poor girls about. The work-house is full of them," said the gentleman who had defended Leo.

Andross vouchsafed no answer to this.

"I suppose you'll want a girl *pretty* enough to make up for lack of the cash?" said another.

"I would not care how handsome my wife was if she wasn't vain; but vanity I despise; and the moment I see it in a girl her charm for me is gone. I find that as a general thing plain women are most and *longest* lovable. You'll notice, if you'll take the trouble to observe, that it is to plain wives that husbands are most devoted. Beautiful girls strike the attention and fancy of dashing and gay men; and so make what are called smart marriages. They are rightly called, for they *smart* for a long, long time. As soon as you are *used* to beauty, it is no more to you than plainness; and if that was all that drew you, the bond is broken, and you are attracted by some new face; but when a man marries a plain woman it is generally from affection, and *that* grows forever stronger, both through the present life and that which is to come."

"Sentimental! do stop him—who would have thought it? Why, Andross, where did you get such notions! I should think you was a boarding school miss instead of a widower forty-six years old."

"I have been taught truth in a hard school, boys; and that is why I now speak. But I dare say you will all refuse to take warning—'tis the way of mankind. Go ahead, then, each in your own way; and when you have arrived at my time of life you will have seen whether or not my words are those of true wisdom."

This conversation was not merely accidental. The men said what they choose to say; but there was more to it than that—they were doing and saying freely what had beforehand been determined should be done and said; and the words of Andross saved Cassius from guilt and wretchedness. The struggle of ambition was over in his mind; and fair as a star arose anew in his heart the image of his Anna. The danger that had threatened her peace had forever passed. There had never been any formal engagement between them; nor between Leo and Mercy; but that night the glad and happy Anna named the day on which she would become her lover's wife—Cassius told his brother of this when they met that night.

"Well, Anna is a good girl; you will be happy with her; but for my part I have determined to take the heiress——"

"And Mercy?" questioned Cassius—looking steadily at his brother.

"She has no claim on me; there is no engagement to be broken."

"Broken *hearts* are, to my mind, worse than broken engagements. Leo, beware what you do!"

"If a girl is silly enough to break her heart for me how can I help it?" said Leo, sulkily.

"You couldn't help doing every thing in your power to gain that heart; could you, Leo? Your love was so evident that it needed no words to show it—Mercy never thought of distrusting you; or asking for vows any more than you did of distrusting her, or binding her by promises; and now when every feeling and action has bound you in all honor to her, just because no vow was ever spoken, you say 'she has no claim' on you, and you leave her for one whom you do not, and probably never will love. How dreadfully mean and wicked such conduct is! Thank God, thank God, that I am saved from it!"

"You'd better be praying for grace to obey the wishes of your parents," retorted Leo.

"There is a higher duty than that which we owe to them. To THAT duty I shall endeavor to be true."

* * * * * *

"Leo, dear Leo, *why* do you shun me so? For a whole week, which has seemed a year, have I watched and waited for you to come. For three long years—all the blessed time that we have known each other—there has not been so long a time in which we have not met. I saw you yesterday in the street; and was going towards you when suddenly you hastened away. You *must* have seen me. Oh! Leo, what have I done?—how have I offended you? Tell me, dear Leo—tell me all the truth. Anything is better than this dreadful suspense, and these wild conjectures. I have heard—oh! Leo, I *cannot* write it—Leo, Leo, you will kill me if you forsake me now. Did I *seek* your company or your love? Remember, remember all that is passed, and you cannot charge me with presumption or immodesty when I tell you plainly that your love is all my life—my love was not given lightly, nor unsought; despise it not now. Or if you have ceased to love me, come to me *once more*. Come *and tell me so* with your own lips—such words from you I think would kill me as quick as any sword, and then the agony would be *over*, and I could go to the cold rest of the grave. Come to me that this misery may be removed, or that every hope and joy of my life may be *at once* struck down to death, and not be left to die the lingering and most dreadful of all deaths—that of slow torture. Leo, I charge you, as you hope for mercy when *your* time of trouble comes, to come to me and tell what it is that has changed you so. MERCY."

This was the letter that was placed in Leo's hands upon the evening of his acceptance as the lover of the wealthy ($100,000) Miss Thorndyke. He had come home in high glee, and told to his parents and brother all his good fortune.

When they were alone Cassius put into the laughing Leo's hands that letter.

One look at the handwriting, and he thrust it deep into his pocket and went out.

Shutting himself into an unfrequented room he tore open and read the message from poor Mercy.

There was a look of pain about his mouth; and the great sweat-drops stood upon his brow, as he read. When he had finished he gave a deep groan and glanced, with a dreary, helpless look about the room. He would have given much could he have seen Mercy there—but the die was cast—the loving, faithful girl was sacrificed. In a few moments Leo crumpled the letter in his hands; and while a hard and settled look came over his face, he wrote, with a pencil,

"DEAR MERCY:—I am sorry to have caused you pain or trouble—I have always meant to have been your true friend—I am such still; but you must not expect me to be more than this. Such letters as the one just received from you you must not write to me—I am soon to become the husband of Miss Thorndyke; for this reason I have withdrawn myself from your society, which always has been, and would *still* be, most agreeable to me; and for the same reason I do not think it best to comply with your desire that I should call on you. Wishing you all the happiness which you so richly deserve, I sign myself,

With the truest and most unbounded respect,
LEO DE WOLF.

It is a remarkable circumstance that in almost every case where a man treats a woman with less respect than he ought to show to a fool, he goes to swearing by black, by blue, by yellow and grey, that he is, and always has been, perfectly overcome by the unutterable respect which he feels for her—in fact, that he wades through it, as if it were a river, rising even to the roots of his hair. Bah! more sickening even than their *vileness* is the hypocricy of some men, and *so* shallow! If one is bound to play the hypocrite why not do it with at least a *show* of skill?

When Mercy read that letter she neither fainted nor cried out; she did not even sob or sigh. But she laid aside her work, and leaning forward with her head against the table, remained motionless so long that her mother thought her sleeping—she, therefore, moved softly about the room, taking care not to disturb her darling, until she began to wonder at her strange breathing.

"She can't feel easy, poor girl—how tired she must have become doing that great ironing—I wish I could move her into an easier position," and the kind mother went and took hold of her child, for the purpose of trying to render her more comfortable.

"Don't mother," said a feeble and hollow sounding voice.

"What ails you, child?" and the terrified woman lifted her daughter's face and looked upon it.

It looked sunken and blue; the lips were colorless and the eyes had that dull and filmy look that comes not often over the human eye until it comes as the herald of death.

"You are sick; you are dying, my child," cried the mother; "what has befallen you?"

"Here," and the unhappy girl placed that letter in her mother's hand.

The indignation of the fond mother was extreme—she even cursed the wicked author of her child's misery—yet tried, in the same breath, to speak somewhat of comfort to that child.

"Don't, mother," was all that Mercy said, either when she talked to her, or when she embraced and wept over her.

For weeks the poor girl continued in this state, and the heart of the mother was nearly broken. She was a very proud woman, and tried her best to keep their trouble from the knowledge of the neighbors. The night of Leo's marriage came, and when the false lover stood pledging his vows to the rich bride, there glided to his side a figure robed in white, and covered from head to foot in a flowing white vail. The strange guest wore on her head a wreath of white roses, and held a bunch of the same in her hand. Her face was as white as her dress, and her eyes shone like stars.

"Leo, Leo, you did not tell me what time to come, but I am here—all ready. I could not find any orange blossoms; but don't you think these sweet white roses will do as well? Come, dear Leo, I am ready—why don't the minister begin!"

Then followed a scene of confusion and distress, and Mercy was borne shrieking and raving to her home.

Once again, in painful circumstances Mercy and Leo met. The latter was alone by the grave of his only child, when, as the twilight grew dimmer, he heard a sad but very sweet voice singing—

"I thought he loved me, and my heart
Was yielded up to his control;
In every wish and every thought
He reigned the idol of my soul.
But, ah! his heart was hard and cold;
He felt no pity for my pain;
He sold his love and faith for gold,
And my poor heart must break in vain."

Then came sighs and piteous sobbings. The sound proceeded from a thick grove near at hand.

"Mercy!" said Leo, approaching with cautious step, "Mercy, *dear* Mercy." The sobs were hushed, and there was a sudden rustling sound.

"Don't go, Mercy; it is I—wait—speak to me."

"Oh! Leo—*is* it my Leo? where have you been so long? I thought you had forsaken me!" cried Mercy, running joyfully from the deep shadow of the grove. He stretched out his arms, and she clung to him as in the olden time. "Oh! Leo, they have had me shut up in such a dreadful place—it seems to me that it has been for a hundred years. Why *didn't* you come and get me out? I have screamed and screamed for you till I wonder that I did not die. It was very cruel of you not to come. I was afraid you had forgotten your poor Mercy."

Leo clasped the poor maniac closer to his breast, and wept over her bitterer tears than he had shed over the dead body of his only son.

"What makes you cry, Leo? The trouble is all over now. I couldn't cry while with you; no, in your arms I can hardly think how it was that I ever cried at all; but I know it was because I was parted from you. I'm so glad I broke that window; they had taken the bars out on purpose, I guess, and I got through and have found you. Oh! take me with you, dear Leo; don't let them get me again." She clung about his neck with the utmost fondness, returning freely all his kisses and expressions of love. She had forgotten utterly that he was not still her own.

"What are you doing with that mad woman?" said a rough voice close by the side of the unobserving pair.

Mercy screamed fearfully. "Save me, Leo—don't let him take me away from you; for pity, oh! for pity, do not give me up"

"Who are you, sir?" demanded Leo.

"Who are *you*, more like, out here in the graveyard, making love to a mad woman?"

"My name is De Wolf; now will you have the goodness to answer me civilly?" said Leo, with dignity.

"Excuse me, sir; I did not know you."

The man's whole manner was instantly changed, and why? Oh! because Mr. De Wolf was a very rich man—or *his wife* was, which the fellow supposed (radical error) was all the same.

"I am one of the keepers of the insane asylum where that person has for several years been confined. She has to-day been breaking out, and a pretty hunt I've had after her. I suppose you won't interfere with my duty, sir?"

"No, but you can go your way, now. I'll see that all is right, and we shall have less disturbance."

The man went away.

"What did you say to him? I could not hear, you spoke so low," asked Mercy.

"Oh, I told him that he needn't put himself to any more trouble about you, for that would take care of you."

"Good Leo—dear, blessed Leo—how kind you are; but did you hear him call me 'mad woman?' That is just the way they talk to me all the time, and, Leo, it sometimes makes me afraid that I *am* mad, or shall soon become so."

"Oh! hush, dear Mercy; do not talk in that sad way. Listen to me, now. I am not prepared to take you home with me to-night. It would not do, and I want you to be a good girl, and be ruled by me, as you know you always love to be—don't you, Mercy?" and the traitor kissed her.

"Yes, indeed, darling Leo, I love to obey your every wish. I wish that I could find such real delight in obeying all the will of my God."

Ineffable was the love that beamed from those those beautiful, upturned eyes into the eyes of Leo.

A wrench of agony at the strong man's heart-strings told him how he yearned for what he had willfully cast aside; he felt confident in his own mind that were he free to take Mercy home with him, the insanity which had made her its victim could soon be charmed away; but although he had brought this wo upon the gentle being who was now so happily nestling to his bosom, and whom alone he loved, he was not to be permitted to minister to her cure.

There was desperation in the thought, but it must be struggled with and overcome. After a few moments' painful silence, Leo said, while he softly passed his hand over the white face and clear eyes of her he held—

"I knew you loved to please me, my sweet Mercy, and now I will tell you what I want you to do. Go back with me to the place from which you escaped in such an undignified manner, and remain there for a few days, until I can come and take you openly and honorably. Be a good, patient girl, and wait happily for my return. I will come to you at the very first moment that I can do so, and take you to be always with me. Will you do as I desire?"

"Yes—why should I not?" said the maniac, in a willing, contented tone.

And after another half hour's talk, and a hundred fond kisses and embraces, Leo prevailed upon himself to part with her, and left her with the matron of the asylum. This meeting, though it worked as much for a curse as for a blessing to Leo, was an unmingled blessing to the maniac. For a year she waited patiently and happily her lover's return, and at the end of that time she began to mend so rapidly that her mother was permitted to take her to her own home. It was now not long ere the entire restoration of her reason. To the joy of her mother, and to the unspeakable delight of *another* person, she seemed now to have no regret at all for the loss of De Wolf. She spoke of him calmly; and once, when she heard a person say that he was killing himself by almost frantic efforts to render himself able to support his proud wife in the style to which she was accustomed, without touching *her* property in so doing, Mercy smiled pleasantly, though compassionately, and said—

"Poor Leo! I am afraid he is not much happier than the poor cottage girl could have made him."

After this Mercy was considered to have fully recovered from her first and most unhappy love. And now it was that Mr. Andross, kindest-hearted of human beings, began to think that he might tell to Mercy the hopes and wishes that he so long had cherished. From her very babyhood he had been interested in her welfare. During the lifetime of his first wife she used often to be at his house, and her sprightly ways and always pleasant face won greatly upon his regard. He repeatedly informed his wife that he considered Mercy the finest girl in the place, and that the man who got her for a wife would get a woman who was worth her weight in gold, whose price was "above rubies." When he found that there was an attachment springing up between Mercy and Leo, he felt great satisfaction, for he was particularly attached to both "the De Wolf boys." His astonishment, indignation and grief at the conduct of Leo, and the consequent insanity of poor Mercy, were beyond all telling. He it was who defrayed all the expenses of Mercy's stay in the asylum. Her mother objected in vain; Andross insisted that his religion obliged him to be kind to the widow and the fatherless, and have his own way he would. The best room and the best attention that the asylum afforded were accordingly provided for the hapless sufferer. And Andross met with his reward, for Mercy fully recovered, and when she learned of all his watchful and long continued kindness to her, and found that she had not only the kind sympathy and pity of that warm and noble heart, but its most ardent love, she was penetrated with gratitude and joy, and, leaning her head upon the broad breast to which Andross gently drew her, she lifted her streaming eyes to his face, saying—

"I will be yours, and love you faithfully and wholly as long as the Lord shall give me life."

Meantime Cassius had long been the happy husband of Anna. Together they were working their way upward in life. Anna was skillful in all the departments of housewifery, and as prudent as she was skillful. Yet she was not mean. Never was set a better table than that to which, three times a day, Anna's husband was called, and good and well prepared food (the truth must be confessed) has a good deal to do with the temper, and also with the affection, of most men. A man can't love his wife if he feels hungry, and she don't get him something good to eat. The fortunes of Cassius and his Anna were steadily, though not very rapidly, improving, and unto their family were added, in course of time, two sons and three daughters. They had their griefs and troubles, but were as happy as it is well for people to be in this world. But with Leo, how different the case. His wife was a born and bred lady, with a fortune in her own right. It was not to be expected that *she* would trouble herself much about household affairs. She always intended to keep good servants—a good cook especially—and as a general thing she did so; but *good* cooks are wofully apt to "imbibe," and good chambermaids are seldom able or willing to take cook's place, so that it not unfrequently happened, notwithstanding their wealth, that Leo went hungry, or had to wander off, through the hot noon, to some eating saloon for his dinner. But then, to a good-natured fellow like Leo, that wasn't so bad, after all.

But Leo was proud, and, in some directions, sensitive. He couldn't bear to have his wife feel as if he was dependent on her. She *was* a lady, and she never mentioned the fortune to which she had raised him; but there was a frequent look in her acute blue eyes which told him that she *thought* of it. The fact was, she had her suspicions that Leo had married her more for money than for love. She had heard him, when tossing restlessly in his sleep, mutter a name—she could not tell what it was, but it certainly was not hers, and after this there was a singularity in her manner towards him which he attributed to her want of respect for a poor, dependent husband. This goaded him on to the most tireless and even imprudent efforts to become rich. He rushed into business, diving recklessly into first one speculation and then another, until he was up to his ears in confusion and haste. He had no time now for *anything* or for anybody; he hurried here and he hurried there, he forgot to eat, and he grudged the time to sleep. All thought of, or regret for, the past, was banished from his mind, which was now, for several years, just one whirl, whirl, whirl of business. He was cheerful and happy, for hope was a large organ in his head, and he verily believed that he was growing rich. What his wife thought about it no one knew; but one thing was certain, she did all in her power to help him out of the pressures, ordinary and extraordinary, into which his numerous affairs drove him. It may reasonably be supposed that she had considerable respect for her husband's business talent, and that she began to feel that he, after all, was the chief man of the family. He took pains to explain to her how profitably he had invested her property, and what a mighty care it was to him, which care he took upon himself cheerfully and freely, not even allowing the family expenses to come out of her fortune, which he desired to have preserved undiminished, save what she herself chose to dispose of for their children, of which they now had three. Thus it probably appeared to Mrs. De Wolf that her husband would actually have been better off had he not married a fortune. He was able to build his own fortune, that she now saw, and hers was only a hindrance and a care to him. She began to wish that he had less to do and to think of, so that he might devote a little time to her.

"When *are* you going to get time to sit down alone and quietly, so that we can have a chance to sit and talk together? I never see you at all nowadays."

"Why, my dear, I'm sure you see me all the time—three or four times every day; and then I'm home every night."

"Yes, I see you daytimes as we see sheet lightning in the evening—as long at a time, I mean; and at night you come to your home so tired, sleep and stupid, that I can hardly get a word out of you, and if I try to tell you anything you go to sleepy before I get half through my story. I do wish that I could have more of your company."

The lady's wish was a vain one—her husband had entered a current that he could not at all stem; he was swept with it, and when after ten or twelve years he came to a stop it was against the rock of bankruptcy—both his own and his wife's property was wrecked; and the shivered fragments floated wide on the stream, all beyond his reach.

His wife did not taunt him with his misfortune—she was not of a disposition which led her to do that—but she brooded silently over the change in their circumstances; grew nervous and low-spirited; lost all her confidence in her husband's judgment; and for three more years they lived together wearily and painfully—mostly at the expense of Mrs. De Wolf's rich friends; and then she died leaving Leo a disappointed and broken down man. Her children were adopted by her brother, a very wealthy merchant of Boston. Leo was taken to live with his brother Cassius, now a rich man, chief owner of an extensive manufactory in New York. The remainder of Leo's days were passed as clerk for his brother; and for his amusement he frequently spent a hour or two of a summer evening telling stories to the younger children of his brother and of Mrs. Mercy Audross, who resided in an elegant mansion opposite to that of Cassius De Wolf. Mercy was on friendly terms with Mrs. De Wolf, and was frequently at that Lady's house; but she never saw anything of Leo. He looked at her through his closed blinds, and sighed as he thought of what "might have been;" but he never could feel equal to the task of meeting her; so she who had once so loved him, when once she had parted from him at the mad-house door, never looked upon his living face again. But one day there was *a funeral* in the mansion of Cassius De Wolf; and Mrs. Andross was there, leaning on the arm of her husband; and *then* she saw once more that remembered face, looking upward towards her from the coffin.—Oh! life, strange life! who can fortell thy changes?

To wrong a woman's love and confidence is considered a light and even laughable affair, and men will do it who would scorn to cheat any *man*; but God has decreed that this, the most dastardly and cruel of all sins, shall never go unpunished—repentance avails nothing here; for either in this life or that which is to come, some suitably grievous punishment falls upon every such offender. They may be counted till they number legions who *now* are groaning beneath the burden and the care brought upon themselves.

CHANGE IN COLOR OF THE HAIR.

The changes produced by disturbances of the heart upon the cutaneous capillaries, are illustrated in a remarkable manner in persons where the hair of the head has suddenly become white from a disturbance in the heart, caused by violent mental excitement. A lady who was deeply grieved on receiving the intelligence of a great change in her worldly condition, and who had a very remarkable quantity of dark hair, found on the following morning the whole of the hair had become of a silver white. Some striking instances of this kind are narrated by historians. "I was struck," says Madame Campan, "with the astonishing change misfortune had wrought upon Marie Antoinette's features; her whole head of hair had turned almost white during her transit from Varennes to Paris." The Duchess of Luxembourg, when caught making her escape during the terrors of the French Revolution, and put in prison, the next morning it was observed that her hair had become white. A Spanish officer, distinguished for his bravery, was in the Duke of Alva's camp. At midnight, the Provost-Marshal, accompanied by his guard and a confessor, awoke him from his sleep, informing him that, by order of the Viceroy, he was to be immediately executed, and had only a quarter of an hour left to make his peace with Heaven. After he had confessed, he said that he was prepared for death, but declared his innocence. The Provost-Marshal at this moment burst into a fit of laughter, and told him that they merely wanted to try his courage. Placing his hand upon his heart, and with a ghastly paleness, he ordered the Provost out of his tent, observing that he had "done him an evil office;" and the next morning, to the wonder of the whole army, the hair of his head, from having been of a deep black color, had become perfectly white.

MODESTY.—Nothing is more amiable than true modesty, and nothing more contemptible than that which is false; the one guards virtue, the other betrays it. True modesty is ashamed to do anything that is repugnant to right reason; false modesty is ashamed to do anything that is opposite to the humor of those with whom the party converses. True modesty avoids everything that is criminal; false modesty everything that is unfashionable; the latter is only a general, undetermined instinct—the former is that instinct limited and circumscribed by the rules of prudence and religion.

THE NEW YORK LEDGER

ROBERT BONNER, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW-YORK, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

OUR ONLY TERMS.—Single copies, $2 per annum; two copies, $3; four copies, $6; eight copies, $12. Postmasters and others who get up clubs can afterwards add single copies at $1,50. The party who sends us $12 for a club of eight copies, (all sent at one time,) will be entitled to a copy *free*. Terms, invariably in advance. No subscriptions taken for a less period than one year. Canada subscribers must send twenty-six cents in addition to the subscription, to pay the American postage, which is half a cent a copy on every paper. The notes of all specie-paying banks taken at par. When a draft or check can conveniently be sent, it will be preferred, as it will prevent the possibility of the loss of money by mail.

ALL LETTERS containing subscriptions, or in any way relating to either the editorial or business department of the paper, must be addressed to ROBERT BONNER, NEW YORK LEDGER office, No. 44 Ann street, New York. We will not guarantee the delivery of the paper when parties subscribe to any agent. Always send your money direct to this office, and be careful to give us the name of the Post-office, County, and State, to which you wish the paper sent.

NO TRAVELLING AGENTS.—We employ no travelling agents. If any party pretends hereafter to act as such you can put him down as a swindler.

REJECTED MANUSCRIPTS.—We will not return rejected manuscripts.

CITY MIGRATION—A WANT.

"Westward," said Bishop Berkely, "the star of empire takes its way." So it does in our city, as well as in the Union at large. The eastern side of the city has long been falling under a ban, the utterers of which are prejudice and fashion. If one wishes to buy or rent—that is, if he be fairly "well to do in the world," he casts his eye westward of the central line of Manhattan Island. Lexington Avenue is his eastern boundary—beyond that, toward the sun's rising, he will not pitch his tent. The consequence is that rents and real estate are a good per centage higher westward than they are east of that line. Possibly there is not the least difference in the eligibility of the two regions, so far as convenience, healthiness, and real use are concerned, but in ninety-nine cases in the hundred, giving even *material* advantages to the East, the West rules in price and popular favor.

What is the cause of this? Prejudice and fashion, mainly. The cry is, that "butchers or the Dutch" have taken possession of the eastern part of the city. Well, suppose they have; are not our most genuine, aristocratic Knickerbockers descendants of the Dutch? And did not their poor and prudent ancestors pave the way for the rich inheritances of their descendants, by selecting the best garden-spots and sites for corner groceries, and has it not been proverbial to this day that thrift reigns where the Dutch go? The influx of a thrifty, industrious class of citizens, ought not to lessen the value of a section of a city. The Dutch have, undoubtedly, encamped on the east side of the town, but their inroad has not been made violently, and they must possess some superior element to have thus almost universally ejected all other classes.

But there is no use of arguing; other people are disinclined to live in the vicinity of the Dutch. Whether it be that the atmosphere is too redolent of the flavor of cabbage, garlic and lager bier, or the Dutch are too hilarious and musical, or there is no competing with them in trade and traffic, is more than we can say; but it is a fact that whole blocks and streets, once the most fashionable and popular, are wholly abandoned to the children of the "Vaterland." Palatial houses have been thereby stricken down to one-half or two-thirds of their old value, and no rush or excitement can recover prices. Ten years ago, who would have lived on the Fifth Avenue or Fourteenth street, in preference to Bond street or St. Mark's Place? Now, the same style of tenement is worth double in the former places, compared with the latter.

The Dutch have not quite invaded Bond street, but they are up and upon St. Mark's, and one after another of the fine old houses all through that northeastern region, is abandoned to boarding and mixed tenement purposes. Thus the East of the city grows more and more motley and objectionable to fashion, and the West more fashionable and select. On the one side is "St. Germain," and on the other side "St. Antoine." Furs and silks to the West, and pig-skin and blouses to the East.

Your poorish fellow, living on a salary, with his wife and children to care for, having a certain modicum of the popular taste, is mightily inconvenienced by this state of things. He could get along with East side rates, but he desires to mingle with society of his taste and kidney. He cannot afford to board in decent style at West side prices, nor can he afford to rent—house-owning being out of the question—a house with "*all* the modern improvements," without going halves with some other family, and he and his wife are agreed that "no house was ever large enough for two families;" and when he searches for the smallest "respectable house" he can find in a "good neighborhood," he finds that it rents (smallish houses being in especial demand) just about as high, and far more readily, than a large one. There are lots of this sort of folk, verging upon the "genteel" in their aspirations, for whom a new order of residence is wanted. For instance, a kind of Paris arrangement of several suites of rooms under one roof, where rent will be reduced, and families still have all the privacy and independence of separate households. A number of handsome, spacious structures, thus divided up into family lodgings, at the West side, would command choice tenants at once, and pay the capitalist and landlord far better than present fashionable tenement investments.

REVOLUTION IN DRINKS.

No intelligent American can travel over the Continent of Europe, particularly the wine-growing portions, or even in England and Scotland, away from the gin-palaces of their sea-ports and capitals, without remarking the absence of drunkenness, as compared with the results of similar observation in this country. It is equally so in the West Indias, South America, and those portions of Asia, where wines, and other light beverages, are freely used. The Briton quaffs his ale and porter, and thrives thereon without injury to muscle, heart, or brain; the German drinks his "lager" and light wines, and losing no whit of health or reason, is made the more pleasantly hilarious thereby; the Frenchman and Italian use the juice of the grape freely, with but infrequent intoxication, while the Turk, and the nations further East, drain the Sherbet bowl, and honor the command of the Prophet Islam, to "keep sober."

In our country, heretofore, more than in any other, has real besotted drunkenness prevailed; a fact attributable mainly to the general indulgence in heavy and much drugged alcoholic drinks—a majority of brandy being nothing else. This has been owing partly to custom, but more to the absence of cheap wines, and the unfashionableness of drinking malt liquors. The American has scorned the "brew," because it was a British beverage, and it is only recently that a Yankee could look upon "lager" as other than a sort of German swill, good enough for "dunderheads" from Rhineland, but not *sharp* enough for Americans.

There has been, however, a most noticeable revolution in drinking ideas and fashions within half-a-dozen years past—a revolution general and beneficent, and destined, before it culminates, to do more for practical temperance, than all the legislation on our statute books. In years past, we venture to say, our city has been more freely given to alcoholick drinks than any other of its size in the world, and has produced as long drunkard lists. "Good liquor," and "rot-gut" of the sharpest kind, were the fashion from the lowest tap-room to the most elegant saloons. Old and young took to brandy, gin, or something equally pungent. Ale, porter, and "lager" were ostracised by the ostrich-stomached Yankee. Our gross drinking habits were noticed and commented upon by all foreign writers who came among us.

The introduction of malt liquors, now fashionable and in general use, has markedly revolutionized our American record of drunkenness, and though it may be true that the "brew" is capable of intoxicating, and does sometimes intoxicate—and though we are for temperance altogether—let us act up to the reasonable proverb, "give the devil his due," and credit malt liquors for the great and useful triumph, in behalf of temperance, they have won over alcoholic drinks. What sumptuary laws could not do, they have done, and the public receive the benefit.

"JUDGMENT SUSPENDED."

These words are not unfrequently found in our criminal law reports. They will be understood to mean that the accused has been discharged by the judge, with the understanding that, if ever brought up again, and proved guilty of a new offense, he will receive a punishment commensurate with the charcter of the united crimes whereof he has been convicted.

Now this sounds very merciful, certainly, and it does not on its face, seem to militate against justice, necessarily. But we are nevertheless inclined to doubt the utility of the practice. There may be cases where such a mode of expressing judicial clemency is commendable—for example, where the perpetrator of a first crime is very young and inexperienced. But, as a general rule, it is only calculated to encourage crime.

The great point to be attained in criminal jurisprudence is certainty of punishment, and the fixing of the impression upon the criminally disposed, that *some* penalty will surely follow perpetration. The want of this is the crying evil of the day, in this department of public affairs. These instances of "judgment suspended" are but too well calculated to increase and aggravate it.

Coupled with the announcement of "judgment suspended," is sometimes a requirement to leave the State. This, if obeyed, as it often is not in cities, takes away all dread of the suspended sword of justice, because removing the criminal from the jurisdiction of the court in which lies the power to inflict the suspended penalty, and in which alone there is, moreover, any record of a first offense.

In this view we are brought to question, on very tenable grounds, the expediency of these "judgments suspended," as a general thing, and to insist on something more definite and certain, where mercy is called for at the hands of our criminal administrators—some plan less calculated to interfere with *certainty* of retribution.

"SPIRITUALISM."

We have just heard, says an Albany paper, of a sad case of "free love" infatuation. A gentleman of excellent education, well connected, and a popular writer, has recently become interested in spiritualism, and has been led by the discussion of free love anities, and such nonsense, to the conclusion that the wife with whom he has lived happily for twenty years, and who has made him the father of an interesting family, is not his "affinity." He made a mistake and married the wrong woman, because he was not then spiritually enlightened. Consequently he has forsaken his wife and family, and while he provides for their support, and occasionally visits them, he has renounced the relation of husband and father and makes his home elsewhere. He has discovered that his actual "affinity" is a young lady medium, and to her he gives the society which belongs to his family. He finds no fault with his wife. He admits that she is the same excellent woman that she has ever been, and no cause of alienation on her part is alleged. It is his discovery by the light of spiritualism of his true "affinity," which has made him forsake his wife and children, and leave them desolate and broken-hearted.

We see by our exchange papers, that such cases as the above are becoming shamefully frequent. The miserable infatuation of "spiritualism" is ruining hundreds of once respectable families, and destroying their peace forever. There seems to be many persons among the decent portion of the community, whose evil inclinations being strong while their moral principles are weak, have kept their position simply from lack of temptation, and are ready to succumb to the first offer of a system wherein their desires may find free scope. To all such persons "spiritualism" comes as a boon—as a deliverance from the thraldom of virtuous restraint. Hence its growth. It will probably run its course, and continue to meet with more or less success, as long as there are shameless people left for it to proselytize.

THE GAMING SPIRIT.

"Gift book-stores" rest upon an unsound basis. They appeal to the *gaming* spirit—to the get-something-for-nothing idea; and, if they are not *legally wrong*, they are *deceptive*, and therefore *morally dishonest*. The buyer of a book is told that, in addition to a volume purchased, he will get a "*valuable* gift" for his money. He *therefore* buys the book and receives, say a breastpin of the supposed value of $2, whereas, in fact, it is not worth twenty-five cents. So it is with all the gifts. They are all *deceptive*. The buyer is deceived, and the seller deceives him. The business must, therefore, in the nature of things, be immoral. Besides, it is filling the land with bogus jewelery, and fostering a spirit of display among those who cannot afford to indulge in it legitimately. The business is thus doubly demoralizing; and therefore we are pleased to hear that "gift book" and all other *deceptive* enterprises are on the wane.

☞ Our new story, "BLANCHE BERTRAND; or, *Perils of the Border*," is meeting, as we knew it would, with great success. Edition after edition has been exhausted; but, fortunately, our paper is electrotyped, and all we have to do is to put our plates to press, and print more as the orders come in—so that there is no danger of any one being disappointed in not getting it.

FRESH FERN LEAVES.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by ROBERT BONNER, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

"WHAT IS MY OPINION ABOUT WOMAN VOTING?"

All my life I have take taken the liberty to say what I think, and I am not going to stop now. Though I have not written on this subject, I have done some thinking, and the result will not be satisfactory to the conservative; for I hold up both hands for a woman's ballot-box. It implies, in my humble opinion, nothing derogatory to the loveliest feminine traits; no greater exposure than women are every day meeting, in various ways, with the full approbation of husbands, fathers, and brothers, or through their indifference. Every summer they are taken to watering-places by these their protectors, where they are jostled and elbowed in full (*un*) dress, even if they do not waltz with black-legs and morally broken down men of every description. They sit, at such places, at the public table opposite, or by the side of, men who bring thither women whom they would dare bring to no private *respectable* table in the land. And if these wives and mothers intercept in passing the telegraphic glances of such women, enlightening them at once as to their true character, or rather, want of it, and express surprise and disgust at the tainted neighborhood into which their innocent young sisters and daughters have been brought, how seldom is there any other reply from their male protectors than an indifferent "Oh it is none of our business, you know—this is a public-house." Nor are the gentlemen shocked when their wives, sisters, and daughters, are elbowed, jostled, and pushed about in the lobbies of the theater or opera-house, when, for some reason or other, tickets have not been secured before-hand, and so they are kept waiting till the ticket-master has pocketed the price of an evening's squeeze. None of them seem to feel troubled for the sensibilities of their lady-friends, when gentlemen in the next box bandy profane words with the usher respecting a prior right to a seat, and perhaps bandy fists, as well as words. Women may go into business streets, to wholesale stores, in quest of a good bargain, without jeopardising the family pudding, and it is all right; nay, they may travel hundreds of miles alone—nights included—and that when they are neither old nor ugly—"and pray is it not perfectly safe for an *American* woman to do so?" is the indignant male rejoinder, with an extra cock of the republican nose; they may go to the coal-yard, and wood-yard, and the butcher's and grocer's, without any objection being raised by the men—*not they!* anywhere but to the ballot-box—that would be unfeminine and indelicate.

Now, one might say that their reason for this tender regard for our toes, crinoline, and reputation (and how many of them in this last respect regard every woman as a sister, I should be afraid to ask), is—that yielding this point would place in our hands a weapon of power which they are very unwilling we should wield; that in many ways they would be necessitated to contemplate their "P's and Q's" with regard to us in a much more diplomatic, unselfish, and careful manner. For instance, if the democratic Mrs. B. came into the cars, just before election, and the democratic Mr. C. was up for a candidate, the latter—as he valued her vote—had better not keep his seat while she was standing; no—though he might have a "rocking-horse" for his boy under one arm, and a barrel of flour under the other. However, male politicians have always kept such clean hands that one would think a woman for very shame could never be influenced by such petty personal motives!

Seriously—is it not an acknowledged fact that a virtuous woman's presence has a refining effect? and surely, where more than at the ballot-box is this influence needed? Men have shown us what they can make it, and certainly by no possibility could it be worse, even if woman had a finger in it. Our scholars and poets have refrained from voting, jointly fearing their tender sensibilities and tender coat-tails. Let them no longer unpatriotically ignore the future of their country, but join the women in a decent ballot-box.

I should dislike to apply the term coward to these talented men, who sit in their libraries burying that "talent," so far as Government is concerned, while ruffians, who can neither read nor write, are choosing their children's rulers by the help of bad rum. In Heaven's name, if they will not wake up themselves to what is due from their intelligence and their manhood, at least let them bid God-speed to the day when the mothers of their children may be allowed an intelligent and intelligible voice.

How this will be brought about I do not know; that it is only a question of time I am very sure; and I am just as sure that it will in no wise peril connubial puddings, or connubial babies; and though I have no cherished fancy for hearing women "talk politics," it would certainly be music in this sinner's ears, when compared to the everlasting "he" or "the divine ribbons" and "adorable laces." It is very well for bandboxy men to call Lucy Stone obnoxious names. I have not the pleasure of her personal acquaintance, and I am not sure I should have fought it out with *that* sheriff, but I have read, and do endorse, her publicly expressed views on Woman voting, and rejoice that such men as Brady, Curtis, Chapin and others, are standing manfully by her side on this vexed question.

FANNY FERN.

THE CHRISTIAN WOMAN.

Tolerant as any one might strive to be towards man as a rejector of Christianity, he would scarcely be able to feel the least toleration for infidelity in woman. "An infidel woman!" Who can bear to pass the phrase through his lips?

Christianity has done so much for woman, that she would put herself in the light—the darkness, rather, shall we not say?—of the direst gratitude, to reject its claims in the usual spirit of infidelity. We will not say of "atheism," for in woman's heart there is no soil fitted for so rank and poisonous a plant, as it has ever proved itself to be! "An atheistic woman!"—"a woman without a God!" How startling and forbidding is the very thought!

Under Paganism woman was worse than a cypher. She was a slave. Such she has ever been among the barbarous and savage tribes of the earth. Under Mahommedanism her lot has been made scarcely, if at all, better. In some respects it has been made even worse. It is only in countries whose customs and laws have taken their hue and tone from the doctrines of the "lowly Nazarene," that woman has risen to any thing like her heaven-appointed station—that of the equal as well as the companion of man.

The New Testament is woman's *magna charta*. Much yet remains to be done for the application of its blessed principles to her interests. As they come to be more and more applied, through ameliorated social customs and laws, the Christian woman, in her various sacred relations to man—as daughter, sister, wife, mother—shall rise higher and higher in deeds befitting her angel-like mission!

CARICATURES.—WHAT I SAW.

BY MARY W. STANLEY GIBSON.

You only see them now in the garrets of houses in country towns, or on the walls of New England farm-houses. The "Rosas," and "Janes," and "Matildas" of ten and twenty years ago, are giving place to things better worth looking at. I, for one, am sorry. Not that I liked the senseless daubs themselves. On the contrary, they always used to exasperate me, with their clay-colored faces, and their villainous ropes of black curls that looked exactly as if they had been baked in a mould. I used to be on the point of throwing the shovel and tongs at them, a dozen times a day, when I happened to look up and catch a glimpse of the unnerving, stereotyped smile upon their faces. Yet do not take them down from the old walls. We shall all feel as if we had lost some of our humblest friends. They have served to while away many a lonely hour, and may lighten many more. Let the "Rosas" and "Matildas" stay. Perhaps the new ones put in their places will be no better—and every one acknowledges the worth and wisdom of the old saying—"Of two evils, choose the least."

There is another style of picture yet in vogue. Specimens may be yet seen in some of the cheap toy and picture book-stores in New York. Grand-street is famous for its shops of this kind. I have often sauntered up there of a warm April day, gazing into the windows as I went along. And there these pictures would attract my eyes. One was called "The Proposal," and represented a lover with a preposterously curly head, and a blue frock coat several degrees tighter than his skin, down upon his knees before a young lady all in white, (of course,) whose auburn ringlets, if estimated by the pound, would be an invaluable treasure to any one who wished to stuff cushions. The painter's art evidently "gave out" at this stage of the proceedings. But in the companion picture, which was called "Engaged," he had taken a fresh start, and depicted them sitting upon a rustic bench, in a green and shady lane, gazing tenderly at each other, while above them shone a sky of a tint no other artist ever dared approach. If I believed such absolute felicity, as is imprinted on the faces of that foolish couple, had existence anywhere except in the painting, I should listen at once to the tender tones of the young coal merchant over the way—but the more I think of it, the more firmly I am persuaded that the designer had a scolding wife, and ever so many crying children, and only imagined this, as a balm to all his woes. Remembering the fable of the fox who got caught in the trap, my common sense all rushes back to me, and I pulverize the unfortunate coal merchant with a single glance!

Then come the scriptural subjects. What lessons of piety can such ridiculous things ever inculcate? I always loved the story of the Prodigal Son, till I saw a picture of him, in the "square room" of a small country inn in Pennsylvania. His father sat at a table, on which were several bags of money, dressed in purple knee-breeches, and a laced coat, while the Prodigal wore a huge periwig, and had lace ruffles around his wrist. What atrocious taste can lead to such a desecration of the beautiful histories contained in the Book of books? Is it impiety, or pure ignorance that dictates such egregious blunders. Let such caricatures be burned at once. No one will lament *their* departure.

Lastly, in the catalogue of old pictures, come the portraits of people of whom we know nothing, and for whom we care less. What a set of "Guys" they look like, in their wigs and turbans. What foolish smirks are on the faces; what would-be gravity, that degenerates into stolid foolishness.

Oh dear—how will our portraits look a hundred years from now, to those who come after us? Will they laugh at us, and criticise our dresses, and wonder what we dressed our heads in that way for, and what those queer things we have in our hands—(meaning our bonnets, dear ladies)—were for? It is enough to make one shudder at the thought. Would it not be wiser to destroy such useless mementoes of ourselves, before we die, rather than be made the laughing-stock of the next generation?

I think so. And let them waste their risible powers—(if indeed they can spend time to have any in an age which will be much "faster" than our own)—over the contemplation of these hideous things of which I have been writing, and which will then be so defaced and changed by time as to pass among them as veritable "antiques." And far more deserving of the name, it may be, than many that command, at the present day, as such, prices only to be believed by King Midas, who turned all he touched to gold.

A CAUTION TO CONCEITED YOUNG MEN.

A young medical student from Michigan, who had been attending lectures in this city for some months past, and considered himself exceedingly good-looking, knowing and fascinating, made a dead onset upon the heart and fortune of a blooming young lady who was boarding in the same house with him. After a prolonged siege, the lady surrendered. They were married on a Wednesday morning. That same afternoon, the "young wife" sent for and exhibited to the astonished student a "beautiful little daughter," three and a half years of age. "Good heavens! then you were a widow!" exclaimed the astounded young man. "Yes, my dear, and this is Amelia, my youngest. To-morrow, Augustus, James and Reuben will arrive from the country, and then I shall have all my darlings together once more." The unhappy youth replied not a word. His feelings were too deep for utterance. The next day the "other darlings" arrived. Reuben was six years old, James nine, and Augustus a saucy boy of twelve. They were delighted to hear that they had a "new papa," "*because they could now live at home, and have all the playthings they wanted!*" The "new papa," as soon as he could speak, remarked that Augustus and James did not much resemble Reuben and Amelia. "Well, no," said the happy mother; "my *first* husband was quite a different style of man from my *second*—complexion, temperament, color of hair and eyes, all different." This was too much. He had not only married a widow, but was her third husband, and the astounded step-father of four children. "But the fortune," thought he; "that will make amends." He spoke of her fortune. "These are my treasures!" said she, in the Roman matron style, pointing to her children. The conceit was now quite taken out of the young Michigander, who, finding that he had made a complete goose of himself, at once retired to a farm in his native State, where he could have a chance to render his "boys" useful, and make them sweat for the deceit practiced upon him by their mother.

HUMANITY.—A dry sort of genius once undertook to name and classify the different sorts of fools in this world. 1st. The ordinary fool. 2nd. The fool who is one and don't know it. 3d. The fool who is not satisfied with being a fool in reality, but undertakes, in addition, to play the fool.

WIT AND WISDOM.

ORIGINAL AND SELECTED—PREPARED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LEDGER BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

CONCEIT is taking ourselves at our own valuation, generally about fifty per cent. above the fair worth. Minerva threw away the flute when she found that it puffed up her own cheeks; but, if we cast away the flute now-a-days, it is only that we may take a larger instrument of puffing by becoming our own trumpeters. Empty minds are the most prone to soar above their proper sphere like paper kites which are kept aloft by their own lightness, while those that are better stored are prone to humanity, like heavily-laden vessels, which we see the less of the more richly and deeply they are freighted. The corn bends itself downward when its ears are filled, but when the heads of the conceited are filled with self-adulation, they only lift them up the higher.

THE power of love consists mainly in the privilege which that potentate possesses of coining, circulating, and making current those falsehoods between man and woman, that would not pass for one moment either between man and man, or woman and woman.

"YOU should," said an old gentleman rather notorious for his weaknesses, "imitate my virtues as well as my faults." "But, sir, the imitation of the faults keeps us so very busy that we have no time to imitate the virtues—or even to discover them."

MANY men are very entertaining at a first interview, but then they are exhausted; at a second meeting we find them flat and monotonous. Like hand-organs we have heard all their tunes, and, unlike those instruments, they are not readily new-barreled.

"OH whistle, and I will come to thee, my lad," said a man, with a threatening shake of his fist, to a very quiet Quaker friend of ours. "Then thee may consider me as *whistling*, for it is the way I usually call such animals as thee."

A TEXAS editor complains that, while chopping wood a few days ago, he struck his foot with his axe and split it in two. As he has now a cloven foot, no doubt he can play the Devil better than ever.

ONE of the Mormon editors in Deseret says that his church rests on the shoulders of Brigham Young and Elder Kimball, whom he calls "a firm base." We fear that it might be more correct to call them a base firm.

IT is said that, in one of the interior towns of California, seven-eighths of the population are under 21 years of age. The yield of gold ought to be abundant where *minors* are so numerous.

LOVERS, whose only desire is to take long and romantic walks beneath the moon, are not long in discovering, after marriage, that they cannot subsist on moonshine.

A FIRE broke out recently in a broken bank of Illinois. The cashier smothered it with bank-rags. The flames were no match for their "weight in '*wild-cats!*'"

"YOU don't seem to know how to take me," said a vulgar fellow to a gentleman he had insulted. "Yes I do," said the gentleman, taking him by the nose.

"WELL, how do you do to-day?" "Indeed, I am very ill." "What is the matter?" "I have a very painful sty." "Oh, that's all in your eye."

A LADY'S drawing-room is that in which she receives company; an artist's, that in which he makes pictures, and a dentist's, that in which he pulls teeth.

HUMAN life is one great Saturday, in which the world should get ready for Sunday, closing up accounts with time, and putting things in order for a holiday.

A MAN was brought into court yesterday in our city upon decidedly grave charges. They were charges tor burying his wife.

EXCESSIVELY polite ladies shake the tips of each others' fingers. Excessively angry men shake each others' whole bodies.

IN literature, our taste will be discovered by that which we give, and our judgment by that which we withhold.

AN offensive editor speaks of our "brazen head." How much has such a copper-head as he the advantage of us?

THE morals of servant girls must be very bad. They hook the dresses of their mistresses every morning.

"TOMMY, how's your folks?" "All well but Growler, and he's got the bow-wow-el complant."

"Is that clock right over there?" asked a visitor. "Right over there? Certainly; 'taint nowhere else."

YOU needn't try to make pork out of pig-iron, or become a shoe-maker by drinking sherry-cobblers.

A HEN on a fence is like a copper; she has a head on one side and a tail on the other.

THE surest way to lose your health is to be all the time drinking that of other folks.

"CAN you return my love, dearest Julia?" "Certainly, sir. I don't want it, I'm sure."

CURRENT ITEMS.

A SAILOR died recently in Texas, and on his death-bed confessed that he was one of the crew who murdered Mrs. Alston, of South Carolina, nearly fifty years ago. Mrs. Alston was the famous favorite daughter, Theodosia, of Aaron Burr. She sailed from Charleston to New York, in a brig, and on the trip the crew mutinied, according to the declaration of the dying sailor, and murdered all the officers and passengers, Mrs. Alston being the last one to walk the plank.

A FEW mornings since a gentleman of this city sent his little boy, seven years of age, to a butcher's shop near by (in 35th street near 6th Avenue) to get a $20 bill changed. The butcher not being able to change it, the boy started to return home, and was met by a man, with a large Newfoundland dog, who offered to change it for him. The boy handed him the bill, and the villain instantly decamped, and has not been seen since.

AN insurance company of this city recently received four thousand one hundred and twelve dollars and twenty-two cents ($4,112.22) restitution money, from some unknown person who had at some time or other defrauded them out of that amount. The officers of the company knew nothing about the matter, but were willing to believe it was all right, and pocketed the money.

A LADY in Boston, who had surrendered herself to "spiritual" influences, being attacked by a violent disease, permitted a "medium" to prescribe for her. The result was that she rapidly grew worse, and was only rescued from the jaws of death, at the last moment, by a skillful physician.

THE bridal gifts offered by Don Pedro, the young King of Portugal, to his future Queen, cost one hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars. Among them is one Cashmere shawl worth $4,500; one lace dress, with flounces, $11,000; one set of sable furs, $3,600—the muff alone costing $700.

A BEAUTIFUL little girl, named Williams, living at Northfield, Vt., was recently bending over a tub of water, and playfully talking to her shadow therein, when the heavy cover of the tub flew over and held the poor little creature's head under water until she was drowned.

THE largest raft ever known recently left the mouth of the Black River, near Lacrosse, Wis., to float down the Mississippi to St. Louis. It was five hundred and sixty feet long, two hundred feet wide, and contained a full million feet of lumber.

A LAW has been passed by the British Parliament imposing a tax of one penny (two cents) on every check drawn by a banker. It is supposed that this will yield a revenue of a million and a half of dollars to the imperial treasury.

Two chunks of gold, one weighing ten, and the other three and a half pounds, were recently taken from a "digging" in California, by a young man who was just about to give up his mining in despair, having worked for months without getting anything at all.

A LAD only thirteen years of age, named Morris Brien, recently died, in Philadelphia, from the effects of intemperance. His parents were intemperate, and the boy had been a confirmed drunkard from his eleventh year.

A FEW mornings since a huge bear came into the door-yard of Seth Sterling, of Warren, Vt., from whence he passed back into the barn-yard, took a sheep from the pen, and went off to the mountains.

JOHN HERKIMER, a boy sixteen years of age, was recently killed, in Kansas, by a large wild-cat.

"THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK," is the title of a very curious and entertaining volume just issued by Dick & Fitzgerald. It is beautifully illustrated, and the tricks it develops, and the curiosities of Chemistry, Mathematics, Geometry, Acoustics, Electricity, Galvanism, Mechanism, Optics, Pneumatics, it explains, furnish a great fund of information and instruction. Send one dollar to Dick & Fitzgerald, 16 Ann street, New York, and they will send the book to you by mail.

"NO!"

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

I.

O Genius of the Saxon tongue!—
With ringing tone and massive brain,
Made glorious by a Webster's thought,
And sacred by a Milton's strain—
What word of all thy golden words
Is richest on thy opulent scroll?
What word of all thy weighty words
Should sink the deepest in the soul?—
With earnest brow and eyes a-glow,
I hear thee answer, "What word?—*'No!'*"

II.

My brother! let us ponder well
The meaning of her brief reply,
And see if in its startling tone
God's very truth goes beaming by.
If thou art asked, with Evil dark
To hold communing so that Worth,
That sunny fount of Good, may come
To thee or to thy mother Earth,
What word from thee at once should flow?
You Heaven itself has told us—*"No!"*

III.

When Pleasure, with her wreathing smile,
And Paphian brow with roses curled,
And silken flag above her couch
By Tempe's softest air unfurled,
Shall whisper, "See, oh, see how stern
That calm-eyed Virtue by thee stands!
Then take if thou wouldst happy be,
This glittering goblet from my hands"—
Think of the serpent coiled below,
And firmly give thy answer—*"No!"*

IV.

When some beloved friend, a friend
Dear as the ruby drops that roll
With life's own thrilling flame along
The rivers of the heart and soul,
When he shall ask for aid from thee.
And granting, thou must do a wrong
To some one though that one is but
An alien in the alien throng—
What answer from thy lip should go?—
"Be just before I'm generous—*'No!'*"

V.

When tall Ambition, whose bold hand
Would even grasp the wizard rods
That wave away the very vails
That hide the secrets of the gods,
When he shall fire thy panting soul,
And sing of wreaths—if in his word
Nor blessing for thy fellow men,
Nor glory for thy Country's heard,
Think of Potomac's hallowed flow—
And to him proudly answer—*"No!"*

VI.

When dread Misfortune o'er thee lowers
In many a sun-enfolding cloud,
And thou beneath the awful night
Art more and more in terror bowed,
If wild Despair shall say to thee,
"Give up! Give up! thy doom is writ;
Hark! hear thy funeral bell is tolled;
And see thy funeral pyre is lit"—
Then, laughing at the voice of wo,
Shout with unconquered manhood—*"No!"*

VII.

When gazing on this present world
With all its visible wealth, the star
That in the Future is, may seem
Unto thy senses dim and far,
If then a tremulous skeptic-voice
May breathe into thy leaning ear,
"Is it not wisdom's part to doubt
Of all that is not visible here?"—
O! sound thy soul yet, yet to grow,
And jubilant thou *must* answer *"No!"*

VIII.

O Genius of the Saxon tongue!
Whose voice is mighty as the Sea's,
When rising in its thunderous strength
It shakes the far-off inland leas,
Again I see thee scan the Past;
Again I see thee calmly lean
Over the Present, marking well
The wonders of the Human scene;
Again, again, with eyes a-glow,
I hear thee answer, "What word? *'no!'*"

RICHARD HOFFMAN;

OR,

THE PEASANT AND THE NOBLEMAN.

A TALE OF LOVE AND RETRIBUTION.

CHAPTER XLVI.

OUR OLD FRIEND JACK MANDERS.

It was a fortunate thing for the heroine of our tale that the union of Sir Charles and Lady Fourreau was unblessed by issue: not that having children of their own would in any respect have altered the resolution they had come to of protecting her; but it must naturally have proved a bar to her creeping as she did into their hearts—engrossing their love and tenderness as an only child might have engrossed those of her parents.

There is something wondrously beautiful in the desire of loving and being beloved, which nature has implanted, as an instinct, in our hearts. We find it in every position of life: the ignorant and learned, the coarse and refined, are equally sensible of its influence. Even devotion is but a phase, though the holiest one, of this all-absorbing passion.

On the arrival of the baronet and his lady at Calcutta, a governess was procured, and masters of every kind engaged to complete the education of their adopted child, whose happy disposition rendered the course of instruction a pleasure rather than a task to those who taught her. Never had they encountered a richer or more docile intelligence; it was like one of those luxuriant plants which admit of being trained, but, bend them as you will, can only take a graceful form.

From being fond, Sir Charles became proud of her, and his wife felt a gratification so entire and unselfish in her opening beauty and expanding mind, that, had Lillian been her own child, it could not have been more sincere.

In India climate speedily develops girlhood into womanhood, although from lack of proper education or mental discipline, too frequently a womanhood of passion, caprice, or ambition, without religion or principle to sustain it. No wonder that it quickly fades, as the flowers fade which art has forced into untimely bloom—an ephemeral existence which it cannot prolong, scentless, and useless but for mere ornament.

Lillian, at the age of fifteen, was almost womanly in her person; but that we have already described. We must now say something of her mind, which, thanks to the care and affectionate solicitude of her guardians, was stored with an amount of information accomplishments, and that which is far better, high and virtuous principle, than nine-tenths of the men, who breathed their flattering incense in her ear, could appreciate, or the beauties, who envied and hated her, believed had ever fallen to the share of any one of their sex.

We have already related the impression produced upon our hero by the loveliness of Lillian; no wonder, therefore that he eagerly embraced the opportunity which the good opinion of Sir Charles and his lady entertained of him by visiting frequently at their mansion. Scarcely a party took place without him; and Lady Bell, at last, became so used to him—to the great annoyance of Dawlish, who fancied himself in love with the orphan—he was consulted on every scheme of pleasure; no one being considered perfect without him.

Delightful as this intercourse was, and heartily as he appeared to relish it, there was one peculiarity which husband and wife more than once remarked—and that was his increasing attention to business. No matter how tempting the invitation, Richard Tyrrell never suffered himself to be drawn from the counting-house of Mr. Chutnee, where he worked hours. For one reported to be rich, this continuous application seemed remarkable.

To our readers who are already aware of the holiness of his motive—the vindication of his father's fame—it will not appear in the least surprising. Mr. Sanford meditated, like others, upon this peculiarity at first; but soon found it so useful that he ceased to think of it. Evidently the boy, as he somewhat contemptuously considered him when he first had the honor of making his acquaintance, had a taste for commercial affairs; and as the volunteer wrote an exceedingly beautiful hand, a great portion of the correspondence was gradually left to him.

For one so young, our hero acted with no ordinary prudence: he never expressed a desire to be employed in any one department particularly. Letters, accounts, bills, securities, any duty which came in his way, he attended to them all.

On more than one occasion he had seen the confidential clerk change color, and with difficulty suppress the annoyance he felt, whenever a Parsee bill-broker, named Haizen Mendrezdie, called at the office. No matter what affair might be upon the *tapis*, or how closely he was pressed, it was cast aside in order to attend to him. This obsequiousness at length became so remarkable that Mr. Chutnee one day observed.

"Have you any private speculations," he demanded, "with that old rascal, Haizen?"

"You know, sir, that by the terms of our arrangements I am forbidden to enter into any transactions on my own account.

This was strictly true; but the head of the firm was perfectly aware that, like many other stipulations, it might be easily avoided.

THE INVITATION.

"One would imagine," he added, "that you were partners."

Sanford looked confused, but remained silent. He knew the indolent habitudes of the speaker: that a suspicion might lie dormant for years, and, unless roused by opposition, be only alluded to—not acted upon.

Lady Bell and her adopted daughter were seated in the morning room. It was about three weeks after the ball at the government house. Lillian was occupied at her tambour-frame, and her ladyship reading, when the butler entered with a note, which he presented to his mistress. It was one of those pretty, three-cornered ones, such as ladies are in the habit of writing to each other.

"That will do," said Lady Bell; "you need not wait."

The man left the room.

"From Mrs. Chutnee," continued the speaker, handing it to her companion: "an invitation for an excursion to her country house in the hills. I fear Sir Charles will not be able to accompany us."

"In that case," observed Lillian, "you will decline it."

"Well," replied her ladyship, "I can't see that the necessity exactly follows. I am quite old enough to venture into society with no other protection than my years."

"And virtue," she might have added.

"Would you not wish to accept it?"

The fair girl colored slightly.

"I am answered!" exclaimed her protectress, laughingly. "When a young lady blushes, it is a sign that she is not quite so indifferent as she wishes the world to suppose. I have never spoken upon the subject to you before, but really Tyrrell's attentions are so marked, that it would be blindness to mistake them."

This time Lillian colored more deeply than before.

"The other evening, when Dawlish engaged you to dance with him, he looked so miserable that I really pitied him."

"My dear mamma, dear and good as you are, may you not be mistaken? Mr. Tyrrell has never named the word love to me."

Lady Bell smiled.

"There are many things understood long before they are expressed," she made answer; "and love is one of them. I am right; I must be right; for to suppose otherwise would be to pronounce a young man whom I esteem—I will even go further, and say I admire—capable of the most heartless coquettry."

"Oh, no, no," exclaimed Lillian; "Mr. Tyrrell, I am certain, is incapable of that."

Here she hesitated, and recommenced plying her needle far more assiduously than there appeared the slightest occasion for.

The kind-hearted woman rose from the settee, walked to her *protege*, placed her arm gently round her waist, and kissed her on the forehead.

"Put down your work," she said, "and let us have a little conversation; by conversation I mean confidence. Speak as mother and child should speak—freely, and without disguise; or, if you prefer it, like two sisters."

"As mother and child," replied the object of her bounty, hastily, and at the same time warmly returning her caress. "I can have no secrets from you."

"You love Richard Tyrrell?"

"I have never said I loved him," answered Lillian, modestly. "*Perhaps I might do so if he were to ask me;* but I do not feel assured that is ever likely to be the case. The other evening, at Lady Fourreau's ball, I overheard Dawlish remark to one of his brother officers that Tyrrell appeared very attentive to Mrs. Chutnee."

"Very ungrateful, my love, if he did not," observed her ladyship, with a smile. "Zamora is one of the most charming women of my acquaintance—clever, although her education has been most cruelly neglected, and good—do you mark that, Lilly, *good*."

"It was not the words, mamma, but the look that accompanied them; it was——"

"Yes, yes; I understand all that. Dawlish is not the first man I have met with who can look the lie he has not the courage to speak—sneer a woman's reputation away. I have encountered a hundred such butterflies in my time. I gave your penetration more credit. He is jealous."

"Of whom?"

"Of Tyrrell, and wanted you to hear his observations. Believe me that, like everything he does or says, it was not uttered without a purpose."

"If you think so——"

"I know it, because I know him," interrupted the lady, indignantly. "But let us drop the captain for the present, and speak only of Zamora. Have you forgotten the note she sent to me a day or two before the ball at the government house? I am sure you have not—nay more, would wager you can repeat every word of it."

Lillian did not deny the accusation.

"She requested me to hold you engaged to dance with Tyrrel, stating that yours would be the loveliest face in the room. She was not wrong there," added the speaker, with almost maternal pride. "Recollect, she never danced herself once."

"I do remember it."

"And shall I tell you why she did not? Because she wished to avoid inflicting pain upon an old and jealous husband, whom she tries to respect if she cannot love. She has few secrets from me. Rely upon it, if she felt her heart touched by the approach even of an unworthy passion, she would fly the object of it. Mrs. Chutnee will never disgrace either the name of wife or the one she bears."

"Still, mamma, you cannot deny that Mr. Tyrrell appears much more free and unreserved with her than with me."

"A sign that he loves one and feels only a friendship for the other. You see no hesitation or reserve with me."

"That is a very different thing."

Lady Bell smiled gravely; then breaking into a merry laugh, observed—

"Because I am an old married woman, I suppose."

"No," replied her adopted child, "but because Sir Charles is so good and amiable that no man can stand comparison with him. You are the only person in the world I ever saw worthy to be his wife."

These words were uttered with a truthfulness and sincerity which rendered them really flattering to the heart of her hearer, who, as our readers are aware, felt no less proud than fond of her gallant husband.

"And is that all you have to say upon the subject?" she demanded.

"No, mamma; I may as well confess everything to you. Indeed I know not whether there is any merit in my candor, you are so clever that you read every one. I have more than once imagined that Richard felt attached to me. On several occasions he appeared upon the point of declaring his love, when some sudden recollection, like a shadow of the past, or a regret, came over him, and he changed the subject."

Lady Bell regarded her earnestly. She, too, had made a similar observation.

"And he has never declared to you?"

"Never."

"Then I will ask you no further questions," exclaimed Lady Bell. "The first ears that listen to a young girl's avowal of her love should be his whose lips have asked the question. We will accept this invitation," she added; "perhaps it is not made without a purpose."

Lillian faintly smiled.

"I will note his conduct even more closely than I have hitherto done. Trust me," she said, "he will not deceive me. If he really loves you, I shall rend the secret from his heart."

"But are you sure he will be there?"

Her protectress pointed to the note. The writer had informed her that he would.

The same day on which the above conversation had taken place our hero had started early, in order to visit a vessel lying in the Hoogley, consigned to Chutnee and Company. Sanford drove him down.

The name of the ship was the Caradoc.

As Richard stepped on board, he heard an exclamation of surprise, which caused him to look round; it proceeded from a group of sailors, but there was no face amongst them that he recognized; at the same moment the captain advanced upon deck, and with well-affected cordiality invited the visitors to follow him to the cabin.

We need scarcely say that the cry which had attracted the attention of Richard, proceeded from poor Jack, who, despite the years which had passed, recognized his former playfellow. But it was no wonder his playfellow in other days had failed to recognize him; the eye of a mother could scarcely have done so, so completely was he changed. Ill-usage and suffering had emaciated his features, and his black hair, which he formerly wore with a sort of terrier cut, now hung in almost elfin locks down his pale cheeks; added to which, he had grown exceedingly tall.

Caleb and Bunce, the only friends whom the unfortunate fellow had on board, noticed his agitation, and hinted that it implied the recognition of one who might befriend him.

"Do you know that craft?" demanded the old sailor.

"I believe I have seen him before," replied Jack; "but my memory is not so good as it once was. I may be mistaken."

Caleb saw from the tears standing in his eyes, that the poor fellow did not believe that such was the case.

"How will you ascertain?"

"I dare not speak to him."

"Then I will for you," exclaimed his friend. "It is only risking a little rough usage if Gall should find it out. My time is nearly up."

"When will mine be?" thought Jack.

"What is the gentleman's name?"

"I don't know," answered the former, hesitatingly, for he feared to compromise our hero by entering into any particulars.

Bunce looked incredulous.

"If he is really the person whom I believe him to be, he will, I am sure, assist me; for his heart is as good as——"

"The captain's is wicked. All right," said Bunce, finishing the simile for him. "I and Caleb are in the captain's crew, and shall have to row him on shore. I'll ask him if he remembers Jack."

"There are so many Jacks," observed his comrade.

"That's true."

"Jack who?"

"Manders," replied the persecuted youth. "If he denies all knowledge of the name, do not trouble him with my sad story; if he remembers it"—and the eyes of the speaker flashed with something of their former brightness as he spoke—"tell him how I have been trepaned on board this floating prison—how treated. He will find means to release me."

"I'll do it," replied both Bunce and Caleb.

"But should the captain overhear you."

"Let him!" exclaimed the old sailor. "I have long been tired both of the Caradoc and its commander, and, once on shore, don't mind telling him my private opinion of him—it would relieve my mind."

How the speaker could call it a private opinion can only be explained by himself, considering that not a man or boy on board but had heard it a hundred times.

The breakfast being over, and business settled in the cabin, Sanford and our hero prepared to return on shore; fortunately, the captain did not accompany them. Poor Jack crept to the side of the vessel, to witness the departure, and once more gratify his eyes and heart with the sight of his former friend.

"It is he," he murmured, as he saw him descend; and the hope that his rescue from the brutal tyranny he had so long endured was at hand, nearly overcame him.

As the boat was bearing round towards the shore, Sanford asked one of the men for a light for his cigar.

"Here is one, your honor," exclaimed Bunce, drawing forth a match from a little brass tinder-box.

"Thank you."

"Rather convenient, aint it?"

"Very convenient, I should think," replied the managing clerk.

"You can't think how I values it, bless your honor; it was given me by one of the dearest friends I have in the world."

"Bill of Deptford or Portsmouth, I suppose," observed Sanford, laughing, for he felt slightly amused at what he considered a specimen of salt-water sentiment.

"No, it woren't."

"Your wife, perhaps?"

"I ain't got no wife *as I knows on*," replied Bunce; for he was rather a conscientious sort of personage, and never told a downright falsehood, unnecessarily. "To be sure, there wor Susan, at Blackwall; but she *afterwards* married Pigtail Bill of the Exeter; and Mary, who has had two husbands since we wor spliced."

Both the gentlemen laughed.

"And which of them," inquired our hero, "made you that very useful present?"

"Neither of them; it wor given me by an old shipmate, named Jack Manders."

Despite his habitual self-possession, Richard changed color. Fortunately, the eyes of his companion were too completely enveloped in the cloud of smoke from his cigar to perceive the effect the name produced upon him.

Both Bunce and Caleb did; and the former, looking our hero in the face, gave him a knowing wink.

"Do you know," observed Tyrrell, "that I feel very much inclined to let the men row me as far as the Ghaut."

"Can't trust that rascally groom with my boat so far," replied his companion.

"But you might drive round and take me up there."

This arrangement was agreed upon; and having thus, by a little presence of mind, got rid of the only person to whom it was dangerous his real name should be known, our hero very quietly ordered the men to pursue their way.

On reaching the watering-place, he directed Bunce to quit the boat and follow him.

The old man did so.

"Now, you have something to say to me," he observed, when they stood together on the top step.

"I should think I has," answered the old sailor, knowingly.

CHAPTER XLVII.

JACK'S ESCAPE.

It would be difficult to paint the astonishment of our hero on hearing the name of his old companion and playfellow, Jack, pronounced in that distant land, and under such peculiar circumstances. He had never forgotten the lad—the natural goodness of his disposition, his generosity and lightheartedness; and had long since forgiven the attempt to lure him to the path of crime, in consideration of the motive.

The position in which he was placed compelled him to be careful. It was of the utmost consequence that the name of his father should not transpire; but for that he would at once have demanded news from Jack.

"Now, my man," he said, regarding the old sailor, "it strikes me you have something to impart to me."

"You may well say that, your honor," replied the sea-lawyer, giving his trowsers that peculiar hitch which seems to be an indispensable preliminary to every seaman in arranging his ideas. "In the first place, does your honor know Jack Manders?"

"I have certainly heard the name," said Richard, with a smile.

"That's what I call a *judicial* answer," observed Bunce—probably he meant a judicious one; "but no doubt your honor knows best. I ain't no great judge of landsmen, whatever I may be of those of my own craft."

"Well, then, I do know him."

"That's hearty!" exclaimed the old man, giving himself another hitch—to express satisfaction, we suppose. "What I call plain sailing. I can understand that. Maybe," he continued, at the same time peering curiously into his face, "you wouldn't mind, if you saw him on a lee shore, stretching out a hand or a rope's end, to serve him."

"On any shore," replied our hero, warmly; "but where is he?"

"In that devil's craft," whispered the old man, pointing over his shoulder down the river, in the direction of the Caradoc.

"The one I have just visited?"

"Exactly."

"Why do you call it the devil's craft; and why did he not speak to me? He must have recognized me."

"He *'cognized* you, fast *enuf*," replied Bunce, delighted to display his knowledge of the meaning of the word; "but perhaps the poor lad didn't know whether your honor'd care to 'cognize him. Besides, if the skipper had seen him speaking to you, it would only have put him on his guard."

His voyage to India had given his hearer sufficient insight into sea phraseology to explain what "skipper" meant.

"And why should he object?" he demanded.

"For fear Jack should find a friend."

"Does he require one?" demanded Richard, earnestly; "if so, I shall feel doubly thankful for my visit to the ship."

"Does he require one?" repeated Bunce. "Does a poor fellow when he has fallen overboard and his vessel is under sail, require a hen-coop to be thrown out to him, to give him a last chance of battling with the waters that are yawning to engulf him? If ever a poor devil required a friend, Jack Manders does."

"I cannot comprehend you," observed the young man, more puzzled than ever by the peculiarity of the speaker; "what has he done?"

"Done nothing: he is as honest a lad as ever broke biscuit, for all the skipper says against him."

It was a relief to our hero to hear such a character of his former companion.

"He has been trapped on board the Caradoc," continued the sea-lawyer, "and treated worse nor a dog by the captain."

"Poor fellow!" exclaimed Richard; "but can he obtain no redress?"

"He tried it in China, but the consul wouldn't listen to him. Twice he cut from the ship at the Cape, but the magistrates gave him up."

"He is an apprentice, then?"

"No, he ain't. Jack has never signed the *'denturs*. I put him up to that trick. They have lashed him like a hound, till the crew cried shame, and threatened mutiny; but it ain't broke his spirit."

"If Captain Gall has not legal power to detain him, rest assured that he shall not do so," exclaimed his hearer, indignantly. "I shall return at once on board and demand him."

"It would be of no use."

"Then I must apply to the authorities."

"Jack would be murdered before you could get back."

"What am I to do? How can I serve him?"

"I'll tell you," said the sea-lawyer, who had arranged it all in his own mind. "The skipper is sure to dine on shore."

"He dines with Mr. Chutnee this evening," interrupted Richard.

"Very good, that makes it plain sailing," continued the seaman, turning his quid, and giving a third hitch. "You have a dingie alongside towards dusk."

"But there are so many always rowing round the craft, how will he know which one?"

The old man nodded as much as to say that he had considered that difficulty, and provided against it.

"At night the dingiewallahs—the name for the native boatmen—all carry a light at the bow of the boat. Let yours carry one at the starn; there will be no mistake then. I shall be on the first watch. Jack will only have to descend by one of the hawsers."

"I see—I comprehend."

"And will you do it?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Why, then Heaven bless you, young gentleman, whoever you may be!" exclaimed the old man joyfully. "For you will perform a good action, and it will be registered in the great log-book in your favor. Poor fellow, how his heart will be

lightened, when I tell him that Providence has raised him up a friend."

"You may add also that it is a true one," said Richard, who felt both interested and indignant at the tale of his former companion and playfellow's sufferings; "one who is both able and willing to protect him. If your captain should by any means suspect your plan, and interfere with its accomplishment, do not despair: I shall at once solicit the interference of the Governor-General."

Mr. Bunce gave a low whistle.

"One of the land nobs," he throught.

"And now it is time," continued Richard, "that we part. Your comrades in the boat are doubtless wondering at your stay. Give them this money to drink my health with. That will prevent all troublesome surmise."

"Lord love you, how well your honor knows us sailors."

"And this," said our hero, offering him two or three pieces of gold, "is for yourself."

"*No, you don't know us*," added the sea-lawyer. "Money for grog, for rowing your honor on shore, or spinning a yarn or two to make a landsman stare, is all right enough; but for having served a comrade—no, no. Bad as the blue-jackets are, they don't sell their sarvices."

"You are an honest fellow," exclaimed Richard Tyrrell, replacing the money in his purse, for he saw that the old man really meant it. "Give me your hand."

Mr. Bunce, whose ideas of propriety were extremely delicate, extended his hand, but not till he had rubbed the palm several times on his trowsers. The request gratified him more than gold could have done.

"I think you do know us, arter all," said the old man, smilingly. "Remember to-night, and the lamp——"

"At the stern," replied our hero, finishing the sentence for him; "you see I have not forgotten your instructions."

"That youngster desarves to command a seventy-four, and to have me for his coxswain," exclaimed the sea-lawyer, as the object of his admiration drove off. "Poor Jack! how his heart will be lightened. All for the best, all for the best."

And the speaker descended the steps of the ghaut, singing a verse of Dibdin's well-known popular song—

"There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
And keeps watch for the life of poor Jack."

And he was right. Each man has a cherub to watch over him, to guide him in danger, and preserve him from the wrecks and shoals of passion—if he would listen to its voice.

"What have you been after?" demanded Martin, a sailor who was in the pay of Captain Gall.

Bunce smiled.

"Why, we have waited nearly an hour!" added the fellow, sullenly.

"I've been spinning him a yarn."

The rest of the crew laughed; they knew and appreciated the speaker's talent in that peculiar line. Martin, on the contrary, repeated the words, suspiciously.

"Yes," continued the old man, showing the money, "and this is what he has given me for the crew."

There was a general cheer.

The spy had nothing more to say. Of course, after such a proof even his suspicions were silenced. All he did was to mentally blame himself that he had not gone up the ghaut with the young landsman himself; and he resolved, if he ever came on board the Caradoc again, to show him particular attention.

In high glee with the success of his mission, Mr. Bunce returned on board the Caradoc: the captain was on deck.

"You have been a plaguy long time," he observed.

"Can't help it, your honor," replied the old man, touching his cap; "the young gentleman was so curious. No end to his questions about the sea, England, and *furrin* parts; and so liberal."

The commander turned upon his heel, and walked towards the fore.

"All right," whispered the speaker to Jack, as he passed him; "you have a true friend. Not a word till the skipper is on shore."

The poor fellow felt his eyes fill with tears at the thought that a being was still to be found in the world who felt interested in his fate. He repressed his impatience, however, and began to busy himself with mending one of the sails.

Richard felt that it was a serious task he had undertaken; but it was also a duty, and from that he never shrank. Jack had shown both him and his sister kindness and sympathy; and he resolved to serve him, to give him an opportunity of redeeming himself if possible. When he recollected the many good qualities of the poor friendless lad, he trusted the principles of evil were not so deeply ingrafted in him that neither advice nor example would eradicate them.

"I will do my best," he thought; "Providence must decide the rest."

Amongst the servants whom Sanford had engaged for him, was a powerful, active man, who filled the office of head groom. His master had frequently been struck by his intelligence, and the willingness with which he undertook any little commission or office unconnected with his place; a conduct so different from the generality of oriental servants, that he could not fail to notice it.

The name of the man was Zeneb.

To him, therefore, he communicated his instructions that a dingie with the signal agreed upon should towards nightfall approach the Caradoc, and receive any one who might descend from the vessel.

The fellow nodded with intelligence.

"The instant he is on board," he added, "row for the ghaut."

"It shall be as the sahib commands," was the reply.

"Should you be pursued?"

"They must row fast to overtake me," said the man. "The English are a wonderful nation, but they cannot compete with the dingiewallahs of the Hooghly."

"Or attacked?"

Zeneb drew from his girdle the long knife which he invariably wore, and felt its point with a significant gesture.

"No bloodshed," said our hero.

"Not if it can be avoided; but I am to bring the sailor to the sahib's dwelling?"

"Yes."

"He shall be there at every risk; but your servant will be prudent."

As a further precaution, a carriage was directed to be in waiting at the landing place, and not to quit the spot till the evasion should be accomplished.

Willingly would Richard have seen to the escape of his former companion himself, but prudence forbade him. It was of the utmost importance for the success of the project which had led him to India that his real name should not transpire; and to divert all suspicion of his having taken any share in the transaction, he felt that it would be best to avoid every circumstance likely to compromise his secret. Could he have seen Jack first, and put him on his guard, the affair would have worn a very different aspect.

With an anxious feeling, which he could not entirely shake off, he dressed for the dinner at Mr. Chutnee's.

Being only a gentleman's party, Zamora was not present.

Never since the day he had been trepanned on board the Caradoc had time lagged so heavily with Jack Manders. He thought the sun would never set; conjured up and imagined a thousand circumstances that might interfere with his tyrant's going on shore, or prevent his own escape from his floating prison. His manner grew so excited as the day advanced, that Caleb and Bunce frequently whispered to him to be on his guard.

It was not the anticipation of freedom alone—of being once more treated like a human being—but of meeting with one whom he had always felt a partiality for—one who had treated him with kindness. The world had not wasted much upon him.

At last, just as the last rays of the setting luminary were gilding the spires of Calcutta, Captain Gall made his appearance upon deck.

"All right," said the sea-lawyer; "he has mounted royals, sky-scrapers and all."

In other words, the skipper was full dressed.

Cruelty is naturally suspicious. The commander of the Caradoc had noticed the flushed countenance of his victim—the air of abstraction with which he stood and regarded first the shore and then the sun. As he was about to get into his boat, he called his spy, Martin, to him.

"Have you noticed Jack?" he enquired.

The man nodded.

"Keep an eye upon him."

"Aye, aye, your honor."

"And upon the boats," added the captain.

"Not one shall be lowered without the mate's order. I won't quit the deck till you return."

"And should he attempt to swim?"

"He can't swim," replied the man; "so don't make yourself uneasy; and even if he did, a bullet would soon reach him."

The captain nodded approvingly, and the boat rowed off, conveying the well-dressed ruffian to mingle in society, sit at an honorable man's board, exchange the courtesies of life with those who, had they suspected a tithe part of the cruelty of his nature—the acts of wanton outrage he had perpetrated—would have shrunk from contact with him as from pollution.

Whatever the defects and immoralities of European society may be in Calcutta, brutality to inferiors certainly is not one of them.

Bunce and Caleb had both noticed the whispered conversation between Martin and the skipper, and guessed the purport of it.

"The sneak has received his cue," observed the old man.

Jack looked at him hopelessly.

"Don't despond," said Caleb; "we will balk him yet. You have only to keep up your nerve for another hour, and then you will be free. Would I had such a prospect," added the poor fellow, with a sigh; "but I have no friends to assist me."

The caution, or rather advice, to keep up his courage was a necessary one; for years of systematic ill-usage had so broken the once daring spirit of Jack Manders, that few could have recognized in him the gallant boy who so bravely rescued Rachel on the bridge from the coarse violence of her cousin Carus Kearn.

Night at last drew on, and one by one the boats of the native fishermen began to appear upon the river. All seamen in the Hooghly are so accustomed to the sight, that it excites but little attention; sometimes, indeed, when disappointed of a run on shore, a crew will vent its ill-humor by pelting them with the remains of fruit or melon rinds that encumber the deck.

Martin, not dreaming that any assistance could be expected from any one of these, saw them approach without the slightest suspicion. Jack, he well knew, possessed no means of bribing them, and without a bribe the oriental crosses his arms and remains inactive. It was the ship's boats, and they were on the lee side, that the spy kept his eye upon.

"There she is," observed Bunce, as a light dingie, with a couple of rowers, and Zeneb holding a lamp at the stern, came directly under the bows of the vessel.

How the heart of Jack beat; and he mentally blessed the chance which had raised him up a friend.

"God bless you," whispered Caleb, wringing his hand; "I shall often think of you."

"And I of you," replied the persecuted lad; "and of dear, kind Bunce. But for your goodness, I should long ere this have found a resting-place beneath the waves. I can't thank you, but my heart is grateful, very grateful."

"Of course it is," replied the old seaman. "I allays said it was in the right place. I shall live to see you a man yet."

"And if ever you meet the skipper," added Jack's fellow apprentice.

The momentary bright flash of the victim's dark eye indicated that all spirit had not deserted him—a leaven of his old courage remained.

"What are you three whispering about there?" demanded Martin, from the lee side of the vessel.

Jack began to descend, his companions shielding him by standing before him.

"What do you mean by you three?" replied Bunce.

"You and the two 'prentices."

"There's only one 'prentice."

"I say there are two."

"And if there are a dozen," observed the sea-lawyer, "what is that to you? How long, I should like to know, have you been in command of the Caradoc?"

The spy, who was a powerful fellow, advanced to meet him; and Bunce, conscious that every moment was of consequence for the fugitive's escape, encountered him half way. Big words were exchanged, in which process Martin got so excited by the reproaches of the old seaman and the jeers of the crew, that he forgot for a while the charge that had been given him.

The quarrel would have terminated in a fight but for the interference of the first mate, who interposed his authority.

"I don't want to fight here," exclaimed the old man, satisfied of having carried his point, and that, by this time, Jack was safe on board the dingie; "but I won't be bullied by him; he ain't no ship's officer yet."

"No more he ain't!" shouted the crew, who generally disliked Martin.

"Where is Jack?" roared the latter.

The name was called again, but no one answered.

"Cut and run," exclaimed the spy; you'll hear what the captain says."

"More likely murdered and thrown overboard," observed the sea-lawyer, bitterly. "We all know how the skipper has treated him."

"And who aided him?" added several.

Martin rushed to the part of the deck where the three conspirators, as he termed them, had been standing. There was no appearance of Jack; but he discovered in the distance a boat rowing rapidly towards the ghaut, and he pointed it out to the first mate.

The canny Scot, conscious that he would have to bear the brunt of the captain's wrath, at once gave orders for the pursuit, and, to insure the carrying out of his intentions, got into the barge himself.

The boast of Zeneb proved to be anything but an idle one. Clever as the Europeans were, they were no match for the dingiewallahs of the Hooghley, who contrived to maintain the distance between them and their pursuers.

"It is no use, sir," observed Bunce.

"I am the judge of that," replied the officer, in an angry tone; "give way, men!"

The sailors exerted themselves with increased vigor, but only neared the ghaut in time to see Jack and the natives rush up the steps of the landing-place, and, when they reached the top, enter a vehicle, which drove rapidly off.

"The rascals," muttered the mate, in a tone of vexation.

"We know, at least, who aided him to cut and run," observed Martin.

A low chuckle from the old sailor was the only reply he condescended to make to the insinuation. They were in port, and he well knew that Captain Gall would look twice before he ventured to perpetrate any fresh act of brutality whilst within reach of the civil authorities.

The barge rowed slowly back.

Caleb, who had remained on board, saw them mount the side of the vessel with anxious looks, and his relief was great when he perceived that Jack was not of the number. There was no touch of jealousy in his disposition, and yet he could not help secretly regretting that Providence had not raised him up a friend.

Henceforth he would have to bear the brunt of the tyrant's ill-treatment alone—hitherto he had shared it with his companion in misfortune.

He made a confidant of his feelings to the old seaman.

"Raise you up a friend," repeated the sea-lawyer; "it will. Jack won't forget his old messmate, take my word for it."

"But he is powerless."

"His protector is not," was the reply.

"I wonder who he is?" observed the boy.

"Can't tell, but he deserves to be an admiral!" exclaimed Bunce, "for his heart is in the right place. He understands a sailor."

"Do you know his name?"

"Never asked it."

"And did Jack never tell it to you?"

"Never; and what is more, I never asked him. Won't there be a hurricane when the skipper comes on board?"

The boy shuddered.

"Cheer up."

"I can't—I foresee all that I shall have to endure."

"'Fear not, but trust in Providence,
Wherever you may be.'"

said the old man, repeating the words of one of his favorite songs; "it is sure to raise you up a friend in time. If you were not a 'prentice, something might be done; it might be done now," he added, with a look of peculiar meaning, "if we could only lay our hands on your 'dentures. But I cannot read—you understand me—where are they kept?"

"In the captain's cabin," replied the young man.

"Get them," whispered his adviser, "and snap your fingers at him."

For the first time the idea of possessing himself of the fatal deed which bound him to his slavery entered the heart of the apprentice.

[TO BE CONTINUED IN OUR NEXT.]

THE MISER.

Know'st thou not, ungentle miser,
That the cry for bread is deep?
I can ne'er be thy despiser;
But I pity thee, and weep.
Know'st thou not, ungentle miser,
How the bee in summer lives?
Ask thy conscience which is wiser—
He who grasps, or he who gives;
He who grasps will grasp a thorn,
He who gives can smile to scorn
Many storms which threat the morrow
When benevolence is born
Life discharges half its sorrow.

ESCAPE OF THE SEA-HOUND.

BY COL. WALTER B. DUNLAP.

The recent escape of the Adriatic from the French authorities at Marseilles, has brought to my mind an adventure of a similar character which one of our down-east skippers met with not many years since, and which may be worth relating.

Captain Robert Proctor had command of the barque Sea-Hound. She was a new vessel, built for speed, and owned in Portland, Maine. The first voyage he made in her was to Havana, and the barque ran off more knots than the men had ever seen run off before under the same circumstances. Proctor knew that the command had been given to him because of his skill and judgment in seamanship, and he was very careful not to overdo his valuable charge. While he lay at anchor in the harbor of Havana an opportunity offered itself for making a snug sum of money, and the temptation was so strong and direct that our Yankee captain could not resist it.

Among the barque's cargo were a lot of hams and codfish, which Proctor had some interest in, and the suggestion was made to him that he might smuggle them on shore, and thus save the heavy duties. This suggestion was made by a man from New Jersey, who was engaged in business there. The plans were all laid, and the work was commenced. Captain Proctor knew that the whole government of the island was but a system of fraud and oppression, the Governor-General himself pocketing vast sums from the proceeds of all sorts of illicit trade; so he was troubled by no compunctions of conscience as he undertook the operation. But he was destined to severe disappointment. He was detected in the act of smuggling, and his vessel was seized by the authorities.

On the next day after the seizure some officers came on board, and having overhauled matters in rather a summary manner they sent the crew on shore, and left four Spanish soldiers in charge of the barque. Captain Proctor and his mate—Mr. Anderson—and the black cook, were permitted to remain on board under the guard of the soldiers. Everything in the shape of weapons which could be found was taken away, so that no means of resistance was left.

This was rather a hard case, and the Yankee captain suffered not a little. There he lay, snug in the harbor, with his sails all furled, and only his mate and cook with him for help. He could see no prospect ahead but the loss of his vessel, and his own disgrace. Even allowing that he could overcome, by any stratagem, the four soldiers, it could not avail him any thing, for ere he could loosen a single sail he would be nabbed again. A Spanish steamer lay at anchor a short way off, up the harbor, while upon the other hand frowned the bristling battlements of El Moro.

So passed three days. The guard was relieved in the morning, and at evening. At six o'clock an officer came off with the relief, and in twelve hours he came again. Captain Proctor asked him what was to be done with him and his vessel, but the officer didn't know anything about it. He only imagined the Yankee wouldn't smuggle any more.

"But where are my men?" pursued Proctor. "They had nothing to do with the smuggling."

He was informed that his men were at liberty, and were going home in the first Yankee vessel that sailed.

On the fourth night a severe storm came on, and it rained hard for two whole days, when it cleared off, with a fresh breeze from the south'rd and east'rd. On the morning after the storm, when the officer came off with the guard, he brought the commander of a Boston brig with him, whose name was Greene, and with whom Proctor was well acquainted.

"Well," said Greene, after he had shaken hands with the imprisoned skipper, "I am off this afternoon, and your men are going with me. If you have any word that you wish to send to Portland I can take it."

Proctor pondered a few moments, and then he asked—

"Do you know what they mean to do with me and my vessel?"

"Ah," answered the other, with a dubious shake of the head, "I'm afraid it'll go hard with you. These infernal Spaniards punish no other crimes so severely as those which they are most apt to commit themselves. I fear your barque will be confiscated, and you and your mate thrown into prison. You know how reckless these fellows are in their administration of justice."

Proctor walked aft, and looked down into the water. Then he gazed about the harbor a few moments, and finally his eye rested upon the stout castle.

"Captain Greene," he said, when he rejoined his countryman, "I will run my barque from this harbor, or die in the attempt."

"But," exclaimed Greene, in wonder, "that is impossible."

"It may be, but I shall try it. The owners gave me this craft because they felt great confidence in my judgment and ability; and they shall not lose her if I can help it. Now you must help me. At what time do you sail?"

"I can sail at any time after noon."

"Then why not wait until after four o'clock?"

"I can; but, Proctor, I declare, you must be mad to think of such a thing as escaping."

"Never you mind about that. Would you give up one of your boats to help me?"

"Yes—anything."

"Then listen. Do you make sail at four o'clock, and stand due north from El Moro. At the distance of eight miles lower one of your boats with my men in it, and tell them to wait there for me. I think they will run the risk."

"I'm sure they'll do anything for you," returned Greene.

"Then let them do this, and I have hopes."

At this point the Spanish officer came aft, and informed Greene that he was going.

"Let me say a word," interposed Captain Proctor, as the officer was about to turn away. "Do you know that these sails ought to be unfurled and dried? Here it's been raining upon them eight-and-forty hours, and they'll rot in a very short time if they're left as they are now. You see that all other vessels have cast their sails loose."

The officer said he would see about it. He had no authority to grant any such thing; but he would soon find out. He then left the vessel, taking Captain Greene with him, and in half an hour he returned, and gave Proctor *orders* to loosen the sails and dry them.

So the skipper, with his mate and cook, went at the work, and ere long all the sails were loosened, and in drying order.

At noon the captain gave his cook three quarts of old brandy, and bade him get the guard drunk if he could. He might have resorted to some powerful opiate, as poison; but his medicine chest had been carried off, and the soldiers brought their own rations with them. But the cook undertook the task, and before the middle of the afternoon he had two of the guard so drunk that they could not stand; but the other two were more careful, and could not be worked upon. At first the captain feared that the sober ones might kick up a fuss, and make a signal for an officer; but they had no such idea. They had no fear from the Yankees, and if their unfortunate companions could be sobered before the relief came off, they were anxious to shield them.

At four o'clock Captain Greene got underweigh, and left the harbor. The wind had been freshening since noon, as Proctor had been sure it would, and his sails were flapping with increasing force. Other vessels in the harbor were furling, and one of the guard suggested that they had better furl theirs.

"We will; but you had better move these two men out of the way first," returned Proctor. "If you will take them down into the cabin, and put them to bed, they may get over it in a little while. They'll suffer here in the sun. We'll be getting ready to furl while you are taking them off."

The guard had no objections to this, so they picked up one of the drunken men and carried him below. Then they came back, and took the other. This time both the captain and his mate stepped quickly to the companion-way, and as soon as the soldiers disappeared they shut the stout doors, slid the trunk-tap over, and locked and bolted it upon the outside.

"Now," cried Proctor, "let us all work! I'd rather die upon my own deck than rot in a Spanish prison!"

The mate and cook were of the same opinion, and they went at the work without a fear. The first movement was to drop the tacks and sheets, and then brace the head yards around, for the barque now lay with her head to the wind, riding between her two anchors. The cable of the starboard anchor was unshackled first, and as her head began to pay off, the other anchor was slipped, and Captain Proctor sprang to the wheel. The wind which blew directly out from the harbor, filled the sails as the barque swept around, and ere long she was leaping over the water like a gull. The three men had to work hard, and twice the wind came nigh knocking them off ere they got their vessel fairly before it.

The steamer was the first to fire; but our men thought but little of her guns at present. In a few moments, however, the old Moro began to thunder forth its startling notes, and there was danger enough. The barque must run directly beneath the walls of the castle, but the adventurers did not flinch. Proctor held the wheel with a firm hand, while the mate and cook squared the head yards, and secured the tacks and sheets. The balls flew about the vessel like hail, but not one touched her hull. The cannoneers seemed to be too much astounded to take any sort of aim, but rather endeavored to pour down as many shots as possible, trusting that in the shower the vessel might catch enough to stop her. Many balls passed between the masts, and the water was plowed up for yards ahead and astern; but on the venturesome barque flew unscathed, and finally she had gone beyond the range of El Moro's guns.

But now a new danger was threatened. The steamer, which had been resting with fire already beneath her boilers, had slipped her anchor, and was in hot pursuit. If she kept on she must overhaul the fugitive in an hour, at the furthest. But Proctor did not despair. The yards were now properly braced, and, with the wind upon the quarter, he had nothing to do but keep the barque upon her course. In half an hour the mate saw the boat, with their crew in it; and when near enough the Sea-Hound was brought to the wind, and the main topsail laid aback. This required but a few minutes, and the men were taken on board without difficulty. Captain Proctor felt stronger, now that he was surrounded by his faithful crew, and as soon as a few hearty saluations had been passed all hands were ready for work. The boat was dropped astern, and the vessel once more put upon her course.

During all this time the soldiers in the cabin had been thumping and yelling like mad men. The two drunken ones had so far recovered that they could walk, but they were unable to render any assistance towards breaking down the stout doors. The crew had pistols with them, and having stationed some of them about the trunk, Captain Proctor threw open the companion-way, and let his prisoners up. They were thunder-struck when they saw the stout Yankee sailors, and, without resistance, gave up their arms.

"Now pull up the boat," cried the captain, "and we'll put these fellows aboard."

"You'll send us back?" said one of the soldiers.

"Of course. That's what I'm up to. Now down you go. Here's a rope for you."

One end of the spanker-sheet was thrown out over the stern-boat, and one of the soldiers let himself down by it into the boat beneath. The second followed his example; but the other two were rather weak for such an experiment, so some of the men got into the stern-boat, which was secured at the davits, and having slipped a running-noose under their arms they sent them down.

"Where are our oars?" shouted the Spaniard who had gone down first.

"You won't want any," returned Proctor. "Just signalize for the steamer to pick you up."

And with this the boat was cast adrift. The sea was running high, and the poor soldiers were frightened enough. The water dashed over the low gunwales every moment, and the Yankees could see that the two drunken ones were getting sobered fast. Finally three of them went to bailing out the water, while the fourth one made signals of distress to the steamer.

When the boat had been cast adrift the steamer was about three miles distant, and might have overhauled the barque in half an hour; but, as Proctor had hoped, the Spanish commander could not see the four soldiers swept away to sure destruction while it was in his power to save them; so he put for them, and by the time he had picked them up, and got once more on the chase, the barque had gained over three miles. And this was just enough to save the fugitive, for, as the steamer came near enough to venture a shot, night came on, and the pursuer and the pursued were shut out from each other's sight. The Yankee changed her course further to the eastward, and before morning she was out of harm's way. She reached Portland in safety, making the quickest passage ever run between the two ports.

Captain Proctor had no difficulty in obtaining another command; but he concluded not to visit Havana again; and also made up his mind to do no more smuggling.

"Harry, I cannot think," says Dick,
"What makes my ankles grow so thick."
"You do not recollect," says Harry,
"How great a calf they have to carry."

THE PRISONS OF ROME.

The Roman gaols have one common room for the herd of prisoners, or such as have not the wherewith to pay for the privilege of one of the detached cells, in which each prisoner is granted a couch of straw, or a squalid mattress, instead of the foul and putrid truss which is thrown to the inmates of the *segretta piana*, as the common room is called. A hideous sty of infection, misery, desolation, where human beings are heaped together like unclean beasts in loathsome filth; and if from some poor wretch despair extorts too sharp a cry, a hundredweight of iron is attached to his feet; but not before he has received a more or less severe scourging on the shoulders or the loins with sticks or rods. This latter punishment, as humiliating as it is savage, is called the *Cavaletto*. Before the Republican *regime*, the weight of iron attached to the prisoners' ankles was only forty pounds; it is now increased to ninety-six. No language can give a just conception of this heart-rending spectacle of all the tortures of humanity, driven to despair, humiliated, degraded, debased by the most ignoble usage, in this ward, or rather in this cavern, reeking with deadly mephitic exhalations.

Passing from the *segretta piana* to the detached cells you find two prisoners shut in each. These cells are about 8 ft. 11 in. in length, 7 ft. 7 in. in breadth, and 7 ft. 10 in. in hight. The allowance of air is barely sufficient for one man's life, where two are buried alive, devoured by fever and by the vermin that fester where the iron has lacerated and torn.

As to the wards destined for the prisoners "at large," or those who are confined by night only, and who in the day-time have the privilege of walking in the inner court—these rooms, designed to hold ten prisoners each, are made to hold twenty. Think of the agonies to be endured by these unhappy men, bent up during the suffocating heats of a Roman summer, in a den to which light and air can only pierce through one solitary crevice, placed at a hight of nearly seven feet from the ground. The only relief to be obtained in this pestilential furnace is by their mounting upon each other's shoulders in turn to gulp a faint and momentary breath of stifled air.

Only once a month can they receive a visit from relatives or friends; and then they must speak with them through a double grating, and in the presence of two gaolers.

The prison of San Michele contains more than 400 political prisoners; the Bagni and the new prison more than 200: in the latter the politically accused are crowded indiscriminately with robbers and assaasins. Here every new comer is subjected by the chief of the community to the most disgusting offices, and if he happen to be a youth, to exigencies the most revolting, if he cannot pay his ransom! This "chief" of the company is an elective despot, to whom his companions award the title of Sovereign Pontiff. It is the most distinguished thief and murderer who attains to this supreme dignity of crime! To him his fellows pay imperial honors; and it is his privilege after meals to be carried round the yard on the shoulders of his subjects.

MY THOUGHTS ARE OUT A HUNTING.

BY AUGUSTA HERBERT.

My thoughts are out a hunting,
And toward the North they fly,
In search of a head of curling hair,
And a kindly beaming eye;
A seeking for lips of a sweeter speech,
For smiles of a rarer grace,
For clasping hands of more tender touch
Than any that here have place.
Upon my couch at evening,
Silent and pale I lie,
While far away to the northern hills
My thoughts a hunting fly.

A FATHER'S FORETHOUGHT.

BY SYLVANUS COBB, JR.

Some miles from the village, in a small, neat cottage, lived Walter Burnell and his daughter. The parent was an old man, past three-score; somewhat reserved in his manners; but cheerful and friendly; and respected by all who knew him. The daughter, whose name was Ada, was eighteen years of age; mild and gentle in all her deportment; and as lovely as she was good and true. Her affection for her father was a compound of reverence and respect, and was manifested in every act that could conduce to his comfort or happiness. She read to him, and sang to him, when her work was done; and the traveler often stopped before the cot when her sweet warblings trembled upon the air.

The people in the village all joined in the opinion that there was something strange about Walter Burnell. He had moved into the town ten years before—when his child was only eight years of age—and purchased the little farm and cottage where he had since resided. Whence he came no one knew. For the first few years he had not only been very reserved, but had seemed sad and unhappy; and it was whispered that he had committed some crime, and fled to this secluded spot for safety. But when people became better acquainted with him, and learned how honorable and sincere and refined he was, this evil impression wore off, and the idea obtained that he must have met with some misfortune that had embittered his cup. That he had seen better days was evident from the internal arrangement of his home. He had a valuable library; many excellent pictures; and his daughter had a harp of exceeding power and sweetness of tone, and of rare workmanship. But beyond these he possessed no comforts that were not generally enjoyed by the poor people in his neighborhood. With the assistance of a hired man, who lived with him, he raised enough from his land to support himself and child. He practiced a rigid economy, however, and was obliged to use some contrivance in making "both ends meet."

Some of the more curious of the townspeople had tried to pry into the old man's secret, but they had not succeeded. He was never abrupt or harsh in replying to questions which were aimed for this purpose, but he had a very quiet way of making his inquisitors feel that they were meddling with that which did not concern them. If such persons were, in their disappointment, ever tempted to cherish any ill-will, the uniform kindness and generosity of the old gentleman in all other particulars eventually won them over to good feeling.

Mr. Burnell's chief aim to those who were intimate with him seemed to be to improve the mind of his child; but he did not do this at the expense of her bodily health. She not only performed all the duties of housekeeper, but she worked in her garden, and sent many a pound of golden butter to market from her own hands. And still she found plenty of time for study, and for music; and she felt sure that in a little while she should be fit for a teacher. She often told her father that she would help him wonderfully when she went out to teach music. He always kissed and blessed her when she advanced such ideas; but he never said she might go.

With all Ada's beauty and accomplishments she was not overrun with suitors. Those who were upon her own level in wordly affairs dared not approach one so far above them in mental attainments; while the few who considered themselves wealthy were looking after golden matches. There was one exception, however, to this latter rule. George Wilton was the son of a widow, residing in the village, and generally supposed to be the wealthiest man in the place; or, at least, the property belonging to himself and mother was considered more valuable than any other estate in town. His grandfather had been one of the first settlers, and what had been his farm sixty years before, was now all built upon, most of the increase of value having gone into the coffers of George's father, who had been dead eight years. The young man had graduated from college, and entered the profession of the law; and his known morality and stern integrity gave him at once a firm hold upon the confidence of his townsmen, among whom he meant to live and do business.

George had seen Ada in the church, and had admired her beauty; and had hoped that, when he got a wife, he might get one who could appear as well. While investigating a case for one of his clients he had occasion to refer to a book which he did not possess. Some one told him that Walter Burnell might have it in his library, and thither the young lawyer went. He found the old man at home, and when he had made known his wish he was conducted to the library. Mr. Burnell called it his library, and such, in fact, it was; though it served him for a sitting-room, and, in the winter, for an eating-room. George not only found the work which he sought, but he feasted his eyes upon a rare collection of valuable works which he did not possess, but which he had a great desire to peruse.

Mr. Burnell knew his visitor's character, and when the young man intimated that he should be benefitted by access to such a library, the old gentleman told him the books were at his service, and that he might call and take them, or examine them there, at pleasure.

And thus commenced an intimacy which was to lead to important results. The young lawyer soon found that he had made a valuable acquaintance. Mr. Burnell not only gave him much information upon important topics of general interest, but he gave him many valuable hints touching law and equity. And, on the other hand, the old man liked his visitor very much. He found him to be a young man of sterling merit, and one who could not help being an ornament and aid to humanity; and he took much pleasure in conversing with him.

Of course it was natural that Ada should sometimes be present, and engage in the conversation. George had lingered near the cot to hear her sweet notes in song; he had stood entranced as the harp-strings sent forth their superb harmony beneath her magic touch—this he had done before he had spoken with her. A few evenings spent in her company, and his heart was overpowered, and gone from him. He loved the beautiful girl with the whole ardor of his generous soul, and ere long he had the happiness of knowing that his love was returned. He asked the father if he might offer his hand to Ada, and the old man told him, yes.

For a few months a happy trio met in the library. Each day George found new beauties in the mind and disposition of his beloved; and Ada became wholly devoted to him.

One evening George did not come, as had been expected, and on the following morning Mr. Burnell received a note requesting him to call at the young lawyer's office. The old man went and found George looking pale and unhappy.

"Sit down," said the youth, as Mr. Burnell anxiously inquired what was the matter. "Sit down, my dear sir, and I will tell you all in as few words as possible. I must speak to the point, for I cannot bear to speak long upo the theme that occupies my thoughts."

The visitor took a seat, and George continued, in a sad, agonised tone—

"You have supposed that I was wealthy; and so have I supposed until within eight-and-forty hours. Before my father died he went into an extensive speculation in Western land. He was one of the directors of a company that issued a large amount of scrip, and all his property was in pledge. I have always supposed that our possessions in the West were valuable; but it now turns out that they are not only worthless, but that all the property which my father owned here is involved. I knew that the Western scheme had failed some time ago, but it was only yesterday that I saw the documents which satisfied me that I was stripped of all my property here."

"But is there not some villainy in this?" asked the old man. "Have you not been wronged by some of these parties?"

"I know there has been wrong done," returned George; "but the guilty parties cannot be touched. Here are the papers. Will you not examine them?"

The young lawyer produced a large pile of documents, and Mr. Burnell looked them carefully over. He shook his head when he had done, and simply remarked—

"You are right. These mortgages are all signed by your mother, and everything must go."

George bowed his head, and groaned.

"But," pursued the old man, "what of that? You have youth, health, strength, talents, and friends. The world is before you."

"Alas!" retarned the youth, "I have not yet told you of the deepest blow. My mother——"

"Go on," said Burnell, as his friend hesitated.

"Well, sir," continued the lawyer, "my mother says I must not marry with Ada!—Hear me through before you speak.—She is weak and nervous, and this blow has served to revive prejudices which I had once succeeded in overcoming. It had been a darling project of hers that I should wed with a young lady of an adjoining town who chances to be wealthy. Once I persuaded her that I could never love the one she had chosen, and she dropped the scheme. But now she has brought it up again, and is more urgent than ever. When I told her that Ada was possessed of no property, she absolutely forbade me marrying with her."

"Well," said the old man, with strange coolness, "what do you intend to do under these circumstances?"

"Oh—my soul!—I know not what to do. And yet—I have partially resolved. I know my mother is weak; I know she is mistaken in her estimate of human happiness; I know she is proud, for she came of aristocratic stock; and I know that her counsel is false. But she is my mother; she has reared me, and cared for me, and loved me; she has borne with me in my years of childhood, and experienced all a mother's pride in my well-doing. How can I refuse to bear with her now? She is old and infirm, and I cannot—I cannot—bring sorrow upon her gray hairs by my disobedience."

Large tears trickled down the youth's cheeks as he ceased speaking, and his frame shook with emotion.

"You said you had partially resolved," remarked the old man, concealing his own emotions.

"Yes," added George. "On one point I am partially resolved, and upon another I am wholly resolved. As to marrying with the lady of whom I have spoken, that is wholly beyond my power. I would sooner die than profane my soul by such falsehood as I would have to utter at the holy altar. In this I am prepared to refuse, at once and forever; but not so upon the other point. If I marry with Ada, I must do so against my mother's express wishes, and bring discord into my home. It would be an overt act of disobedience, and my mother might not be the only one rendered unhappy thereby."

"And am I to understand that you ask to be released from your engagement with my child?" said Mr. Burnell.

"O—no!" cried George. "In mercy's name, ask me not to do that! I cannot give her up. But—may I not hope—may I not ask—that you—that she—will wait? We know not what the future may bring. I may, at some time not far distant, be master of my own plans. I will work—I will strive—I will remain true to the end, but I cannot give her up. Oh! I think she loves me well enough for that, and I think both you and she will trust me!"

The old man arose from his chair, and walked across the office.

"George," he said, as he came back, "I will call upon you this evening at your house, and Ada shall come with me. You need not let your mother know that you have spoken with me upon this subject, and my daughter shall also remain in ignorance of it until you see fit to tell her. Be at home to receive me, and leave the rest to me."

There was something in the old man's tone, and in the beaming of his fresh countenance, that gave the youth hope, and he readily consented to the proposition. One of the lawyer's clients had been waiting to see him, and Mr. Burnell now took his leave.

Mrs. Wilton was a small, nervous-looking woman, naturally of fine feelings, and a warm, true friend when her affections were once set. She loved her son, and was proud of him—perhaps too proud—but then her pride had not injured him. She had taken her seat in the great chair by the table, when the door-bell was rung.

"George," she said, "I cannot see visitors to-night."

"Perhaps they may not wish to see you, mother," returned her son, persuasively; "but if they do—if they are friends of mine, who wish to be presented—I pray you, for my sake, receive them, and treat them as you know I would treat friends for your sake."

"Well—let them come."

George left the room, and when he returned he was followed by old Walter Burnell and Ada. Mrs. Wilton arose, and as her son introduced them, and she recognized their features, a cloud gathered for a moment upon her brow. But she was too much of a lady—she had too much good breeding—to treat any honest person with slight beneath her own roof, and she received them very politely.

Mr. Burnell entered at once into a lively conversation, and ere long the hostess was irresistibly drawn after him. There was a charm in his language, and in the freshness and purity of his thoughts, that overcame all her reserve, and she found herself really enjoying his company, ere she could resist the temptation. George saw how the ice was being broken in his mother's bosom, and he began to draw Ada out. At first the maiden was bashful and reserved, but gradually she became animated, and Mrs. Wilton showed, by her very looks, that she was more than pleased by her speech and manner.

"And now," said the old man, after they had become familiar, and on easy, sociable terms, "I am going to reveal to you the secret of my life. Until this moment it has been locked up in my own bosom. Even my child has no suspicion of it. Mrs. Wilton," he continued, addressing the hostess, "I am led to this by the relations which have grown up between our children. Your son has asked me for the hand of my child, and I have not refused him. I only asked of him that your consent should go with mine. But before this matter goes further, I must tell you the whole truth.

"In my youth I was left with an immense fortune. I studied law and practiced some, but finally gave it up, and entered into mercantile business. I took a wife from the fashionable circle in which I moved, and purchased a home commensurate with my means. I loved that wife, and she loved me. She was true and faithful, but her education had been of the false kind, and she could not unlearn it. We had three children—all daughters—and my wife educated them. They grew up, and were beautiful and accomplishsd, but I could see that their HEARTS were not trained as they should have been. My wife took them into the circles where she moved, and they became bright suns in the aristocratic firmament. The beaux revolved around them, basking in the light of their smiles, and suitors were plentiful. It was something to get for a wife one of the daughters of Walter Burnell, for people knew that he could bestow an ample fortune with each fair hand.

"In time my three daughters were married. They were married more for their money than anything else, and only misery came of it. I would have prevented the marriages if I could, but fashion was opposed to me—my wife insisted—my daughters were ready to go into hysterics—and I yielded. I saw their substance wasted in riotous living—I saw them wasting away under the baneful influence of the miasma of fashion and folly—and finally I saw them laid in their graves!

"Three boys were born to me, but they died in infancy. My seventh child was a girl. My wife reared her with great care for a few years, and then died. Her constitution had been broken by her irregularities of living, and she gradually faded away and fell into her grave. I was now left alone with my only child—my darling Ada. Should I lose her, or should I keep her. If I remained in the great city, where my wealth was known, and where the sunshine friends of my wife and self were still hovering about us, she might fall under influences which I could not counteract. In short, I could not see how she was to escape the snare if she remained where she was. She was yet an innocent child—only eight years of age—but I could see that she had inherited much of her mother's constitutional infirmity, and that she was easily excited to enthusiasm by the glitter and glare of the empty show about her. For a while I pondered deeply and anxiously upon the subject, and at length my resolution was formed. The city had no more charms for me, and I was determined to save my child, if possible. She was all that was left for me to love, and I could not bear to live if she were taken from me. So I quietly settled up all my business, and invested my property where it would be safe, and where it would not need my immediate care. Then I turned my back upon the great city, letting no one know whither I went save one old and trusty friend, with whom I left such matters of business as needed his care. The idea obtained among my friends that I had gone to Europe, and they were allowed to think so.

"In time I came to your village, and I liked it. I saw the pretty cottage, with its fine land and noble trees, and limpid stream, and I thought that there would be the place to educate my child. She should not know that she was heiress to a large fortune, but she should be reared to feel the necessity of providing for herself, and learn something of the real responsibilities of life. I meant that her heart should be educated as well as her head, and that her bodily vigor should keep pace with the developments of her mind. I determined to make her worthy of a good husband, and I also meant that that husband should choose her for her worth—for the worth of mind, and heart, and soul.

"I need not tell you how I have succeeded. That my Ada is strong and healthy, her form and features amply show, and I have no fears now that she can fall from the station to which I have brought her. She has chosen her husband, so I have no longer reason for concealing from her the fortune which is hers. Now, madam, you know all. My child chanced to be wealthy—far more wealthy than are many who call themselves rich—but were every dollar of her fortune to be swallowed up in ruin at this moment, I should not repine, for above that she possesses a treasure of truth, and love, and virtue, which gold cannot buy, and which the vicissitudes of earth cannot take from her."

The old man took the hand of his child as he spoke, and she pillowed her head upon his bosom, to hide the tremulous emotions that convulsed her frame. George was wonder-stricken and confounded. Mrs. Wilton was the first to speak.

"Mr. Burnell," she said, with great agitation, "you have taught me a lesson which I hope I may not forget; but I too have a truth to tell. We are not what the world supposes us to be, but yet we have deceived no one. At this moment we are—are—penniless!"

"But you are not in debt," said the old man.

"No," she returned. "The blow which has fallen upon us could only touch the property which my husband left, but that takes all."

"It has not taken the son whom you love," pronounced Mr. Burnell. "It has not removed from you his care and kindness."

"Oh—thank God—no!"

"Then what is gone is gone. But listen: Had the man who asked me for the hand of my child possessed all the wealth of Ind and of Ophir, and been lacking in one of those qualities which are necessary to truth and honor, I would have refused him without hesitation. And, on the other hand, had he been poor as poverty itself, and yet possessed energy and talent, and been an honorable, virtuous man, he should have had the hand of my child if their love had been true and mutual. But, as circumstances are now, my Ada's husband cannot be a poor man, for upon him I shall settle half of my fortune."

Mrs. Wilton was too much overcome to speak coherently now. Yet George led the trembling Ada to her, and asked her consent to their union. She arose to her feet—she blessed them both—and then hurried from the room. When she saw her son alone she sunk upon his bosom, and asked him to forgive her.

"I have been wrong," she murmured, "even as his wife was wrong. He has taught me a lesson which I will not forget, and I will prove, by my love for your gentle wife, how much I really wish for your happiness."

And Mrs. Wilton kept her word. George soon led Ada to the altar, and while he learned to love her more and more, his mother had continual occasion to bless the hour that brought the smiling sunlight of the young wife's presence, with all its genial warmth and purity, across her darkening pathway. George Wilton found much to be thankful for in the large fortune which came so unexpectedly with the hand of his loved one, but he was most thankful for those higher and nobler possessions which first drew him to her.

And the gentle Ada—how often she thanked God, and thanked her father, for the wise forethought which had so happily shaped her destiny. Walter Burnell felt more pure joy in one evening spent within his present home, where Ada and her husband dwelt, and where the widowed mother shared its blessings with him, than he had ever felt within the gilded temple of fashion. It was a calm and rational enjoyment, like a well-spring, pure and fresh in the soul, from which the waters of peace and sweet content flowed in a gentle stream that murmured soft music continually.

"A GREAT MAN'S WIFE."

BY THE LADY HERSELF.

As I have reason to believe that the community in general, and women in particular, consider my lot to be an unusually favored one, I beg leave to make my own representation thereof, so that when my history is ended, and I have stepped aside to make room for a successor, she may not be necessitated, as I was, to enter ignorantly upon the experiences of a great man's wife. My husband, as is very well known, is one of the very best specimens of his sex. Few can look upon him without sincere admiration, no one can listen to the inspired eloquence with which he addresses the public, without a desire to know him in his private and familiar conversation. Such a profound knowledge of human nature as he displays astonishes and interests men, while the appreciation of her sex, and the tender regard for her sensitive and deep, feeling nature which he shows, sets all the women wild to make his personal acquaintance—to become his personal friends. They look at me, and I can distinctly see that they envy me my rare possession of a husband who, while he excels in all strong and awe-inspiring elements of manhood, and while he is able to command and to protect, is also gifted with such a clear perception of the wants and necessities of woman's nature, such generous frankness in owning them, and such tenderness and skill in ministering to them. Of the latter particular they are, in their own minds, quite as certain as of the two foregoing ones, and the married ladies look wistfully at their own husbands, thinking that they should be perfectly happy if their lord and master would but take pattern by mine. As for the unmarried women, they are all constant and anxious observers of the state of my health, which I can say, for their encouragement, is "very miserable," but quite as well as will be that of the one of their number who shall be second "lady elect," after she shall have been, for a few years, the great man's wife.

And now I will lift the curtain that hides the happiness which the world is all astonished to know—which the women would almost extinguish *me* to inherit.

From a glowing and triumphal oration which like intense fire fused all the hearts that felt its heat, my great man comes to his home—to be to me in private as much more than other men are to their wives, as he is to the public more than other speech-makers and leaders are? No, not that—but to go exhausted to his couch, and if he don't sleep, to *sog* in utter silence, which I must not break under any consideration. You've seen how coals glow when they are blown upon—you've seen, too, that the more powerful the wind that blows them, and the brighter was the light they emitted while they felt it, the sooner they hid their glow in ashes when the wind no longer blew. My husband is as a coal whose heart, indeed, *is* fire; but only to the public breath does he give forth his brightness and his heat. When he comes to me the ashes covers him, and he smolders till again "a great man's" duties call him forth to action.

When he is, by any chance, for a few hours at home he is so beset by callers, men whose business is all important and very pressing, that it were a mere insane delusion to suppose that *I* can occupy his thoughts, or gain access to his ear. When the press of callers is over he *must* be let entirely alone that he may study up his next lecture, or report, or something else pertaining to greatness.

When the company have all gone home, or have all been made quiet and comfortable for the night, and when I know that there is for that time no more writing to be done, I have sometimes been wild enough in my imaginations to expect a few moments' quiet chat or consultation upon matters or things pertaining to family expenses—to the care and management of our thirteen little children. I have even allowed hope to lead me to the length of looking for a very comforting hour of sympathetic and encouraging communion from my rich-hearted and mighty spouse; but the result has *almost* always been that, when at last we were actually shut into our chamber alone, and I had hinted at my purpose and wishes, and he had smiled affectionately, and held out his arms as my resting-place while we talked, and I had taken my rightful and valued place, and had uttered my first few sentences, and then paused for responsive words, I felt that there was increasing heaviness in the head that had leaned so lovingly on mine, when he folded me in his arms, and on extricating myself from the now relaxing embrace, I discovered that my great man was conquered by a greater than he. As often aforetime, in like circumstances, he was sound asleep.

It don't make me angry to be thus disappointed. I know that my husband is always over-worked, and the moment the excitement that keeps him "a-going" is over, *he* is overcome of reactive stupidity, or of sleep. He cannot help it, and why should I be vexed, or contend against fate. But my heart is a woman's heart, and it is not *possible* at such times it should not feel discouraged and deeply grieved.

I wake him, and as I help him to unrobe, he, sleepily conscious that somehow he is disappointing and saddening me, mutters something about "So worn out—must start off early in the morning—sorry, my dear, but I——," and upon the pillow forgets what else he would say.

With the morning light he is astir, and before I have time to say a dozen words to him, he is off to some "great" occasion or performance, nobody knows where. Then come all the demands of the household—a *distinguished* family remember—a family liable to be, at any moment, overrun by other distinguished people. There is not a day nor an hour in which the house may certainly count on freedom from stranger guests—my children must all be kept in order and made useful and happy, for their father would be distressed else; but he cannot attend to the work of their training—he can hardly get time to kiss them *all round* once a year—he expects me to keep them from annoying him, but is horrified if ever I lisp a word that sounds as though I could have been contented with *less* than thirteen sons and daughters. And thus pass my days—no rest, no help from my mate; no reasonable hope of any satisfying intercourse with him till I meet him where time is not, nor night, nor weariness, nor haste, nor slumber.

And this it is to be "a great man's wife." Reader, do you envy me?—will you accept my portion?

I tell you truly, and in earnestness and sorrow, the wife of the honest and affectionate day laborer, whose cabin is his own and whose children need not to be excluded from their father's presence, when, at the sunset, he comes home to evening rest and refreshment, has a more satisfying and desirable lot, (so far as the affections are concerned,) than I have. Her husband belongs to *her*, not to "the world"—her home is not a highway for a thousand feet; her heart is not forever mocked, cheated and hungry, because of the lack of that which, though he would be *glad* to afford it to me, my husband never has the time to give.

THE SIMOOM.

Of the extraordinary visitations to which the deserts are subject, the hot wind, called by the Arabs the *simoom*, and by the Turks *samiel*, both of which words mean the *poison-wind*, seems the most remarkable and injurious. The accounts which are given by different persons vary so greatly, that it is difficult to deduce from them a connected statement of facts; and some writers have gone so far as to discredit the stronger effects which have been ascribed to this phenomenon. The fact seems to us to be that in this, as well as in a thousand other matters, people infer analogies between what they do see and what they do not see; and in this they may be, and often are, wrong, from not knowing, or not taking into account, the circumstances by which differences and modifications may be and are produced. Travelers, whose routes almost always lie along the borders of the great desert, and who never visit those vast interior solitudes of sand which only the natives dare to traverse, witness only these phenomena in the most mild and mitigated forms, and thoughtlessly infer that they must be equally mild in the very heart of the desert, although they know that the causes which produce them must there be operating with more intense effect. What we ourselves deduce from the balance of testimonies is, that these phenomena are exhibited with diminished force the greater our distance from the heart of the desert is increased, and that the travelers who describe those mitigated phenomena which alone they noticed in their border routes, have no right to deny the concurrent testimony of history and of the natives, which ascribe to them stronger developments and more ruinous effects in the interior of the desert.

The simoom blows generally from the direction of the nearest sandy deserts; in Syria from those of Arabia, and in Egypt from those of Africa. Dr. Russell informs us that "the *true* simoom" (by which expression he seems to have felt the necessity for such a distinction as we have now made) "never reaches so far north as Aleppo, nor is common in the desert between that city and Basrah." He was, however, careful to collect the reports of the Arabs, which he thus states: "They assert that its progression is in separate or distinct currents, so that the caravan, which in its march in the desert sometimes spreads to a great breadth, suffers only partially in certain places of the line, while the intermediate parts remain untouched. That sometimes those only who happen to be mounted on camels are affected, though more commonly such as are on foot, but that both never suffer alike. That lying flat on the ground till the blast passes over is the best method of avoiding the danger, but that the attack is sometimes so sudden as to leave no time for precaution. Its effects sometimes prove instantly fatal, the corpse being livid, or black, like that of a person blasted by lightning; at other times it produces putrid fevers, which prove mortal in a few hours, and that very few of those who have been struck recover."

This is not all they tell. The attention of Thevenot was strongly drawn to the subject, and he made particular inquiries concerning it, at the towns on the borders of the desert, of different persons in different places. He says that they all agreed in their testimony, which is the same in substance as that which has just been adduced, with the additions, which, we know, form part of the current account among the natives. "No sooner does a man die by this wind than he becomes black as a coal, and if one take him by the leg, arm, or any other place, his flesh comes off from the bone, and is plucked off by the hand that would lift him up. They say that in this wind there are streaks of fire as small as a hair, which have been seen by some, and that those who breathe in those rays of fire die of them, the rest receiving no damage." We willingly confess that there are some points in these statements which savor of exaggeration; but we consider that, taking the whole of these reports at their lowest value, they evince at least that the simoom is sometimes productive of immediately fatal effects in the interior of the deserts. Most of the described phenomena suggest a highly electrical state of the atmosphere, and the symptoms of immediate putrefaction are such as occur in cases of death by lightning.

WAX AND HONEY.

Wax-lights, though we are accustomed to overlook the fact, and rank them with ordinary common-places, are truly fairy tapers—a white metamorphosis from the flowers, crowned with the most intangible of all visible mysteries—fire. Then there is honey, which a Greek poet would have called the sister of wax—a thing as beautiful to eat as the other is to look upon; and beautiful to look upon, too. What two extraordinary substances to be made, by little winged creatures, out of roses and lilies! What a singular and lovely energy in nature to impel those little creatures thus to fetch out the sweet and elegant properties of the colored fragrances of the gardens, and serve them to us for food and light!—honey to eat, and waxen tapers to eat it by! What more graceful repast could be imagined on one of the fairy tables made by Vulcan, which moved of their own accord, and came gliding, when he wanted a luncheon, to the side of Apollo!—the honey golden as his lyre, and the wax fair as his shoulders. Depend upon it he has eaten of it many a time, chatting with Hebe before some Olympian concert; and as he talked in an under tone, fervid as the bees, the bass strings of his lyre murmured an accompaniment.

THE STATUE-WORSHIPER.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

"There is a wild, strange story told of the daughter of Baron Gros, who absolutely worshiped the Apollo Belvidere."—Madame Le Vert.

God of the silent Heaven!
Forgive the mourning trembler kneeling here,
To whose frail heart this fatal spell is given,
This love of beauty—See, she bends in fear!

He is so wondrous bright,—
So fair, *so cold*, this glorious marble form—
Oh, God of mercy! God of power and light!
Let my love's fire this splendid statue warm

Behold him as he stands,
Lovelier than any shape of *breathing* life;
A stone creation of a creature's hands,
A silent thing with maddening beauties rife.

I've kissed him o'er and o'er,
I've wreathed his calm, cold brow with sunny flowers,
I've knelt his marble loveliness before
Through all the dim night's long, lone, voiceless hours.

Perchance my love is sin—
Then do Thou quench its wild, impassioned fire—
Or send the gift of life to glow within
This icy bosom—grant my one desire.

'Tis vain—my prayer is vain—
The coldness of *his* breast chills through my own—
Burned—burned to ashes are my heart and brain—
I die—with worship for a thing of stone.

ANECDOTES OF ELEPHANTS.

Travelers in the East are apt to deal in the marvelous, and their accounts of the elephant as of everything else must be received with caution. Sensible of the high estimation in which the understanding of elephants is held, they scruple not to invent numerous fables for the amusement of their wondering audiences, who eagerly devour them.

A few of the many wonderful stories that are in circulation about elephants we are now about to publish for the amusement of our readers. They may, however, be relied upon with the most implicit credit.

The practice in India of reducing to submission an elephant that has been taken in a state of wildness, is by retaining it for a long time fastened to a large tree with strong ropes. The practice formerly was to starve an elephant thus captured, but now it is to feed it well, and omit no inducement to render the animal gentle. Its intended *mohout*, or driver, supplies him with choice food, gradually habituating him to his voice and touch, and ultimately rendering him completely familiar. Thus, in course of time, the animal will answer to his name, lie down and rise again when commanded, and even allow the *mohout* to sit on his back. When sufficiently reconciled it is unbound from the tree, and driven out to water, and is gradually made accustomed to bear a small load of grass or boughs for his own diet.

An elephant like a horse or a dog becomes more tractable by good usage than by harsh practices. And it is extremely curious that sometimes their tempers will take a complete reverse when the conduct towards them is altered from severity to mildness. Of this a proof is found in the deportment of a very fine male elephant in the possession of a gentleman at Chittagong, which he endeavored for two years in vain, to render tractable. The elephant was repeatedly offered for sale at a low price. But no one would purchase him—his character was so well known. It is customary in that district to have the firewood which is cut into stumps of about a foot or less in diameter, and perhaps five or six feet long, piled regularly; and this work is usually done by elephants, which, when properly trained, they will do as well as any laborer. The animal in question could not be induced to perform this drudgery, and all attempts to enforce his obedience having proved fruitless, his master at last gave up the point. To his utter astonishment, the elephant became suddenly good-tempered, and went of his own free will to the wood-yard, where he not only exerted himself greatly, but was, in the regularity of his work, at least equal to those which had had more practice.

A gentleman bought a female elephant at the sale of a deceased person's effects, not having the least idea that she was a *koomkie*, or decoy elephant, which to him would not have been any recommendation, as he was not a dealer in the capture of elephants. He resided for a short time at the place of sale, and repeatedly refused handsome offers for his late purchase. In fact, many persons seemed desirous to obtain this elephant—a circumstance that he could not account for, as he was ignorant of her qualifications—and all kept carefully secret upon the subject, lest a knowledge of them might cause him to overrate an animal that each hoped at some time to obtain. The *mohout*, or driver, equally anxious to get out of a line replete with danger, and more willing to be in the service of a gentleman than with dealers, both on account of better wages and less drudgery, carefully forbore to reveal the value of the elephant to his master.

One morning *Lutchmee Pearree* (as the elephant was called) was not to be found. For several days no intelligence could be obtained of the truant. In fact, she was given over as lost. It was supposed, as more likely than otherwise, that she had strayed into the neighboring jungle, and joined with the wild herds. Thus no prospect remained of recovering her, unless by chance.

Conceiving their hopes were at an end, the many who had offered to purchase her did not scruple to reveal that she was a *koomkie*, or decoy elephant. As is common on such occasions, they joined in lamenting the loss of so very valuable an animal.

However, about a week after, *Lutchmee* made her appearance. She was secured and kept in a place of safety. Shortly after her master went on her to take a ride. He happened to proceed towards the skirts of a very heavy grass jungle, into which *Lutchmee* frequently attempted to turn, but was as often prevented by the *mohout*. Both master and man now suspected that she was become rather wild, and might prove dangerous. At length *Lutchmee* became quite restive, and, in defiance of all control, dashed into the jungle, nor did she stop until arriving at a thick patch of timber-trees. To the utter astonishment of her terrified burden, there was a large male discovered, round whose fore-legs the iron chain with which *Lutchmee* was ordinarily fastened during the night at her picquets was twined, so as to secure her prize in the most complete manner.

Now in this we cannot find anything repugnant to the general conduct of elephants, nor to that probability which, to those acquainted with their nature, may be requisite to produce a belief that the story may be true. It is proper to remark that many elephants are in the habit of tying their own legs at night, and that they perform other acts which tend to display the admirable sense of feeling they possess in their trunks. The sons of the *mohouts* are generally much attached to their elephants, and take great pleasure in teaching the young ones, which are extremely playful, a variety of tricks, such as taking off the turbans of natives in the streets, and lifting them up to the driver as he sits on their neck; throwing stones or clods of earth, which many do with great precision; picking up money, and, indeed, even discriminating between copper and silver.

A gentleman who has written an account of India, says that he had once a *chunchul* (a young female elephant) of about six feet high, quite a "pickle"—up to all kinds of tricks, in which she appeared to take great delight. Once, however, her pranks caused much inconvenience. In marching from Dacca to Dinapore, she exercised her talents during the night, and not only untied her own ropes, but liberated several other elephants that were in the camp, some of them rather wild; and when the corps was to march in the morning, the tents were delayed for some hours, while persons were sent to catch the elephants, which were found some distance off, at the foot of the Gongapersand Hills.

The first, according to Suetonius, who exhibited elephant rope-dancers, was Galba, at Rome. The manner of teaching them to dance on the ground was simple enough (by the association of music and a hot floor,) but we are not informed how they were taught to skip the rope, or whether it was the tight or the slack rope, or how high the rope might be. The silence of history on these points is fortunate for the figurantes of the present day, since, but for this, their fame might have been utterly eclipsed.

Elephants may, in the days of old Rome, have been taught to dance on the rope, but when was an elephant ever known to skip on a rope over the heads of an audience, or to caper amidst a blaze of fire fifty feet aloft in the air, as was done in the days of our grandfathers by Madame Sacqui? What would Aristotle have thought of his dancing elephants if he had seen her?

Among the numerous interesting anecdotes of the elephant, we may narrate the following:—

At Delhi an elephant passing along the streets put his trunk into a tailor's shop where several people were at work; one of them pricked the end of it with his needle; the animal passed on, but from the next dirty pool filled his trunk with muddy water, returned to the shop, and spurted every drop among the people who had offended him, and spoiled their work.

A soldier refused to give the road to an elephant and his conductor, at which the elephant was highly affronted. Some days after, meeting the soldier upon the banks of a river, at a time when he had not his keeper with him, he seized him with his trunk, ducked him several times in the water, and let him go; he then walked off, seemingly much pleased (or laughing in his way,) at thus having retaliated the affront he had received.

Elephants, though they never fail to retaliate for an affront, are remarkably mild and gentle in their disposition.

When once tamed their attachment to their keeper is very strong. They seem to live but to serve and obey him, and, when treated with kindness, testify their gratitude by fulfilling all his desires, and, caressing him with affectionate fondness, receive his commands with attention, and execute them with punctuality and zeal.

Elephants live to a great age. Some authors have asserted that an elephant lives four or five hundred years; but the most credible inform us that he seldom lives above a hundred, or a hundred and fifty years.

He is endowed with a most retentive memory, a fine sense of feeling, and a quick hearing; he is very fond of music, and seems animated by the beat of the drum and the sound of trumpets. He is passionately fond of perfumes of all kind, but more especially of fragrant flowers.

The elephant in size surpasses all other terrestrial creatures, and in understanding he is inferior to none, man excepted.

Of the brute creation, the elephant, the dog, the ape, and the beaver, are generally the most admired for their sagacity. But Buffon says the genius of the dog is borrowed, being instructed by man in almost everything he knows. The monkey has only the appearance of wisdom, and the beaver is only sensible with regard to itself and those of its species. The elephant is superior to all three of them, being possessed of all their most eminent qualities. To judge correctly of their relative value, we must acknowledge him at least to possess the judgment of the beaver, the dexterity of the monkey, the sentiment of the dog, and, in addition to these qualifications, he has the peculiar advantage of strength, size and longevity.

The sagacity peculiar to elephants was well displayed by those animals when the British army under Sir David Ochterlony were ascending the Ghauts to attack the Nepaulese forces in their mountain fortresses. An eye-witness after describing the ascent of the army by means of projecting rocks and boughs in one particular part of the march, gives an account of the conduct of the elephants. "Having got all the men up," he says, "they were at a loss for expedients how to get the elephants up."

They cut a good deal of the most prominent part of the hill away, and laid trees on the ascent as a footing for those animals. The elephants were then made to approach it. The first one did so with reluctance and fear. He looked up and shook his head; and, when forced by his driver, he roared piteously.

"There can be no question in my opinion," continues the writer, "that this sagacious animal was competent instinctively to judge of the practicability of the artificial flight of steps thus constructed; for the moment that some little alteration had been made, he seemed willing to approach. He then commenced his examination and scrutiny, by pressing with his trunk the trees that had been thrown across; and, after this, he put his fore leg on with great caution, raising the fore-part of his body so as to throw its weight on the tree. This done, he seemed satisfied as to its stability.

"The next step for him to ascend by was a projecting rock, which we could not remove.

"Here the same sagacious examination took place, the elephant keeping his flat side close to the side of the bank, and leaning against it.

"The next step was against a tree; but this, on the first pressure of his trunk, he did not like. Here his driver made use of the most endearing epithets, such as "Wonderful, my life,"—"Well done, my dear,"—"My dove,"—"My son,"—"My wife:"—but all these endearing appellations, of which elephants are so fond, could not induce him to try again. Force was at length resorted to, and the elephant roared terrifically, but would not move. Something was then removed. He seemed satisfied as before; and he in time ascended that stupendous ghaut. On his reaching the top, his delight was visible in a most eminent degree; he caressed his keeper, and threw the dirt about in a most playful manner.

"Another elephant, a much younger animal, was now to follow. He had watched the ascent of the other with the most intense interest, making motions all the while, as though he was assisting him, by shouldering him up the acclivity;—such gestures as I have seen some men make when spectators of gymnastic exercises. When he saw his comrade up he evinced his pleasure by giving a salute something like the sound of a trumpet.

"When called upon to take his turn, however, he seemed much alarmed, and would not act at all without force. When he was two steps up, he slipped, but recovered himself by digging his toes in the earth. With the exception of this little incident, he ascended exceedingly well.

"When this elephant was near the top, the other, who had already performed his task, extended his trunk to the assistance of his brother in distress, round which the younger one twined his, and thus reached the summit of the ghaut in safety. Having both accomplished their task, their greeting was as cordial as if they had been long separated from each other, and had just escaped from some perilous achievement. They mutually embraced each other, and stood face to face for a considerble time, as if whispering congratulations. Their driver then made them salaam to the general, who ordered them five rupees each for sweetmeats. On this reward of their merit being ordered, their driver immediately made them return thanks by another salaam."

Another traveler in India thus gives an account of the sensations on being conveyed on the back of an elephant:—

"The elephant," says he, "was commanded to kneel down, and by the help of his tail, which one man held up to form a step, I succeeded in mounting. Another command being given, he rose, and I was lifted into the air to a hight at which I certainly never before traveled.

"His motion was not unpleasant; but whenever he found himself incommoded by the heat, he occasionally put his trunk into his mouth, where he had some means of secreting water; and this he disgorged into it, and then squirted over his body, thus keeping the surface of his skin moist and cool by evaporation, though in a manner not very agreeable to his riders.

"The road we traveled was particularly hilly and rugged, sometimes passing over loose rocks, and everywhere full of deep ruts; yet the animal never made a false step, nor did he jolt us in descending the most precipitous steeps. His tread was so soft it could not be heard; and on one or two occasions, where the stones were perpendicular for two or three feet, he let his foot down so gently, that he did not in the least shake his riders."

We will close our extracts with the following graphic account of the shooting of an elephant in Ceylon. Twilight had been rapidly drawing on, and the sportsmen were about to retire to their arbor for the night, when, in the jungle over the water, to their left, something of a dazzling whiteness attracted their attention. It was the splendid tusks of a full-grown elephant, perfect in all his points; but what a time to present himself! just as it was getting dark, and a quarter of a mile only between him and the hunters!

"However," observes the narrator, "as tuskers are far from common in Ceylon, and this appeared to be a most noble specimen, it was determined to attack him: not a moment was lost in brief preparation. In shirt and trowsers, and one gun each, away we started, with the wind in our favor—an indispensable advantage. We kept close to the jungle until we reached the spot the elephant had first appeared at; and, after one look at our pans, committed ourselves to the open ground, walking down right upon him. He was slowly making his way to the lake, with his back to us, now and then stopping to pull a tuft of lemon grass, and raising his trunk in the air to collect intelligence. As we approached him—treading as lightly as possible—a deep, low grumbling—not unworthy of being compared to distant thunder—told us his suspicions were awakened. No time then was to be lost, so we moved quicker, when, being about twenty yards from him, he all at once wheeled round, and with a shrill, angry cry that made the woods resound, stalked furiously towards us. I happened to have the first fire—it was a front shot; but his head was too high from his nearness, and my ball, entering in the hollow above the eye, skimmed his brain instead of entering it. S. flashed in the pan, so did E., and it was *sauve qui peut* when T. fired. For one moment the huge beast was stationary—then fell at his full length on the turf—his eye glazed and legs stretched out, as stiff as if he had been carved in stone—the ball had entered behind the ear, and lodged deep in the brain."

NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Grammarian.—The more education a bookkeeper has, the better; but we have known very good bookkeepers whose intelligence, outside of their special business, was quite limited. It depends on a man's situation as to whether or not a knowledge of grammar is requisite. He that is in the employ of men who cannot tell whether a letter is written or spelled correctly can get along without a critical knowledge of grammar; but the bookkeeper whose employers are scholarly men would be apt soon to lose his place if he could not write and spell his mother tongue with accuracy.

Fickle Lover.—According to your statement of the case, we think that "original disappointment in love" has rendered you what people call "love-cracked"—that is, made you silly and fickle in regard to women. This being the case, you will probably go on rendering yourself disagreeable and ridiculous until some girl's father or brother takes you in hand and gives you a sound flogging, after which you will probably be careful how you annoy ladies or trifle with their affections.

Knickerbocker.—You should be cautious how you rush into marriage with such a girl. A daughter who is ashamed of her poor old mother would not make a good wife.

Bay State.—Lord Napier is the English Ambassador at Washington; Monsieur de Sartiges represents the French Government, and Baron Stoeckel the Russian.

Varrondale.—The best way to drive the rats from your house is to obtain a good cat and give her the run of the premises. Poisons are dangerous.

Several Boys have requested us to give a solution of the "sheep problem," published in the Ledger of May 1st, as they "can't work it out, and think it is wrong." The problem is right. It runs thus: A and B were driving sheep to market, when A said to B—"Give me three of your sheep, and I will have as many again as you." "No," answered B; "you give me three of your sheep, and then we shall each have the same number." How many sheep had A, and how many had B? This is an algebraic problem. Let x equal the number of sheep A had, and y equal the number B had. Then, accordingg to the conditions, if you take three sheep from B's number, and add them to A's, the latter will have as many again as the former; in other words, x+3 equals 2y—6. And if you take three sheep from A's lot and add them to B's, each will have the same number, or, in other words, x—3 equals y+3. The statement, algebraically, then is—

x+3=2y—6
x—3= y+3
x=2y—9
x= y+6
y+6=2y—9
y=2y—15
y=15, which is B's number.
x=21, which is A's number.

This result can be "proved." If to A's 21 you add 3 taken from B's 15, A will have 24 and B 12. Or if from A's 21 you take 3, and add them to B's 15, they will have eighteen each.

Pacific.—Your patriotism takes a queer bent, and your anxiety to prove that "*our* animals" beat all the rest in creation is highly amusing. So far as we know, you have made out your case in favor of "our grizzly bear" against the lion of whatever country. We have never heard or read of a lion weighing sixteen hundred pounds, or that could perform the feats of strength and ferocity which you relate of the "grizzlies." From what we have read of the latter, we are inclined to the opinion that they grow to a greater size than the lion, but whether they possess sufficient strength and agility to cope with him, is a question. If some enterprising and "patriotic" person would test this matter by placing a lion and grizzly bear, fairly matched as to size, in an enclosure together, we should then be able to form some idea of their relative powers, and know what dependance to place on the pluck and prowess of our native animal.

Chicago Lover.—It is natural that your betrothed sweetheart should dislike the postponement of your wedding for so long a time. She had probably told her intimate friends that she was to be married at a certain time; and your prolonged absence and the non-fulfillment of the marriage engagement of course embarrass her. On the other hand, your prudence, in deferring the marriage until you can recover from the pecuniary troubles in which you are involved, should not be looked upon by her as an outrage, or as an insult, or as indicating a lack of affection on your part. If she has really become "indifferent" as to whether you marry her or not, you must be careful how you delay the marriage much longer, if you are anxious to secure her for your wife. A young girl, in such a state of mind, could easily be won by another lover.

A Printer.—The system of *fagging* referred to in the story of "Richard Hoffman," as practiced in the English schools, is the doing by the younger scholars of menial services for their elders. The school is divided off into forms, running from one to six, and sometimes seven. In these forms the boys are classed according to their standing and scholarship, as our college-boys are classed as freshmen, sophomores, &c.; the *first* form being the lowest, and the *last* form the highest. Any boy may *fag* a schoolfellow of a lower grade than himself—that is, he may compel him to black his boots, run of errands for him, fetch his water, make his bed, &c.—*if he can flog or master him.* Hence the desperate fights and cruelty spoken of in "Richard Hoffman."

May and June.—As you value the gentleman's friendship, you might with propriety, and without any sacrifice of dignity on your part, ask him for an explanation. Perhaps he called for you at a late hour on the day appointed for his excursion, and not finding you at home, and learning that you had gone off with a party of pleasure, and not hearing that you had waited for him until you supposed he would not come at all, was offended at what, under such circumstances, would naturally *seem* to him to be very ill treatment of himself by you. So, you had better have an explanation. Good friends are too valuable to be lightly thrown away.

Jehu.—Should the parents of the child prosecute you, they could probably recover heavy damages. You were clearly in fault, as you were driving more rapidly than any man should ever drive in a city street, and especially just at dusk, when children are apt to be playing out of doors, and the sight is obscured by the gathering shades of evening.

J. F., St. Paul, Minnesota.—The firm which you mention is one of the swindling concerns that have been broken up in this city by the vigilance and skill of Mayor Tieman and Sergeant Berney. You and your friends will never see your money again. We know of no such "book of acrostics" as you mention.

Alexander.—It is not known who made the first violin. The instrument is of very ancient date, and has undergone many modifications in size, shape and the number of strings. The Chinese have used two and three-stringed violins these four thousand years. The names of the most celebrated makers of violins were Steiner, Amati, and Straduarius.

M. W.—There would be no *harm* in a girl's marrying a man who had got a divorce from another wife. Such a thing would not be a matter of right or wrong, but merely a question of taste. In this State it costs from $25 to $1,000, to get a divorce, according to circumstances. There is no fixed price for such delicacies of the season.

Adviser.—Say nothing about the young lady's confession of love. It would embarrass her and do your friend no good—in fact, it would probably make him hate you intensely. You should also treat her with the utmost delicacy and gentlemanliness.

Housekeeper.—We have no doubt that the coffee-pot you mention is an excellent utensil, but we shall not so much as mention its name in the Ledger, inasmuch as we do not wish to single out any article for praise, and *will not* even indirectly advertise any merchandise whatever.

Louis Napoleon.—You had better write to General Scott, for the information you seek. He is an exceedingly courteous gentleman, and would reply to you at his earliest convenience.

Richelieu.—A physician can best tell you what books to read preparatory to entering upon a regular medical course of study.

Gammon.—You can gain nothing by harshness. Do as you would wish to be done by, under the same circumstances.

For Back Numbers of the "Ledger" we charge *four* cents a copy. "The Storm Secret" runs through eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Mystic Bride," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Hebrew's Curse," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "Orion, the Gold Beater," fourteen numbers, price 56 cents; "Emma Davis," six numbers, price 24 cents; "Sarah Percival," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Refugees," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "Karmel, the Scout," twelve numbers, price 48 cents; "The Abducted Heiress," seven numbers, price 28 cents; "The Wild Knight," five numbers, price 20 cents; "The Wife's Conquest," six numbers, price 24 cents; "The Widow of Toledo," nine numbers, price 36 cents; "The Island Princess," seventeen numbers, price 68 cents; "Bion, the Wanderer, seventeen numbers, price 68 cents; "Lady Claudine," eight numbers, price 32 cents; "The Pioneer Patriot," eleven numbers, price 44 cents; "The Crown Jewels," ten numbers, price 40 cents; "The Bride of an Evening," eleven numbers, price 44 cents.

We will mail to any address either of the above-named stories on the receipt of the sum stated; or we will mail *all* the numbers of the Ledger from June 7th, 1856, up to and including the number of March 13th, 1858—being ninety-three numbers in all, and containing *all* of these stories complete, on the receipt of $3. This is certainly cheap reading—eighteen stories complete, besides the immense variety of other matter contained in the Ledger during that period, for $3.

Young Farmer.—It is impossible for any one to tell you with any degree of certainty what your chance for making a fortune in the gold mines of California would be. We are inclined to the opinion, however, that the same amount of work and frugality which miners do and practice in California, if invested in labor and life at home, would on an average purchase more satisfactory results here than in the mines. A miner works like Hercules from fourteen to eighteen hours out of the twenty-four; he lives on the coarsest food; he wears out but little broadcloath or patent leather; in short, he lives but little better than a savage. Now, if you will work as hard and live as economically at home, as the miner does in California, you can soon secure a competence. Besides, you will escape all the dangers incident to mining life. A few weeks since we read an account of a party of five miners being attacked by four grizzly bears; four of the unfortunate men were torn in pieces, and the fifth barely escaped with his life, by climbing a tree, his feet being nearly torn off by one of the brutes that attempted to drag him down. You would run no such risk as this at home.

Nellie.—A mother has a right to control her daughter's conduct until the latter becomes of age, provided she lives at home and is supported by her parents. If she has to take care of herself, and works and acts independently of her parents, of course she must control her own conduct, so far as her obtaining a livelihood is concerned. But in other matters, and especially in regard to such an important event as that of marriage, she should consult her parents and seek the aid of their counsel. A mother should not open her daughter's letters. Such an act is not only unmannerly, but exceedingly injudicious. She should be such an excellent mother as to win her daughter's love and perfect confidence, and then the daughter would always consult her, as her best and dearest, and most respected and beloved friend.

Wabash says he is "engaged to a young lady who has a cousin with whom she makes very free. She sits on his lap, allows him to kiss her at any and all times, and when we (she and I) are in a room together, if he comes in she will leave my side, and run and throw her arms around his neck, and kiss him and sit on his lap, leaving me to take care of myself all this time. He is also allowed to enter her private room at pleasure. Now I want to know if their cousinship warrants such proceedings on her part?" No. She must be a very vulgar and ignorant creature, or she would not behave in so unbecoming a manner. If you know when you are well off, you will resign her to her cousin altogether. It strikes us that they would do well to marry each other, and the sooner the better.

A School Girl says: "Will you please inform me wherein Cæsar's wife was so superior to others of the sex? I have so frequently heard it remarked that so-and-so, and such-and-such a thing must, 'like Cæsar's wife, be above suspicion,' that I am anxious to learn in what respect she was such a paragon." We don't know as that celebrated lady was any better than she should be, but Cæsar himself, being probably of a jealous turn of mind, gave out that his wife, or any woman who aspired to that relation, must be "above suspicion," and the idea has been used ever since for metaphorical and illustrative purposes.

A Puzzled Young Couple can't agree upon a name for their infant daughter and son. They want names "that will sound alike," and yet be pretty and proper. Why not name them Francis and Frances, then? That is the pair of twin names which sound and look the most alike, and they are both pretty and proper. For common use they are too much alike, as both children would be called Frank, whereby confusion would be created. Lucien and Lucille, Nathalie and Nathaniel, Abel and Mabel, Adrian and Adrienne, Oliver and Olivia, or "Mose" and Rose, are, any pair of them, near enough alike in sound and appearance.

Mastiff.—You are quite right in fearing that your lover has a cruel disposition, since he wantonly and purposely broke the dog's back, and has never referred to it since except in a manner of unfeeling levity. We think that a man who will maliciously injure an inoffensive dumb brute must himself have a most brutal disposition. You had better not marry that man.

Port Huron Girl.—The reason so many French, and German, and Italian phrases occur in "fashionable literature," and books of travel, is because their authors are pedants, and wish to air their learning—or rather, to use their smattering of these languages in such a manner as to make people believe they really have a good knowledge of the tongues in which they in truth are the merest dabblers.

A Ledger Reader.—When persons have the smallpox lightly and at an early age, they sometimes outgrow its disfiguring marks; but when they are deeply pitted, or have the disease after having arrived at mature age, nothing will eradicate the evidence of its ravages. We do not believe in nostrums of any kind.

Forestville.—Such trifling matters as neighborhood gossip and tittle-tattle should be passed by without notice. The more you attempt to confront and put them down, the more vigorously they will spread, while silent contempt kills them off speedily.

Black Hawk.—It is not likely that the inhabitants of Iowa will ever be seriously molested by the Indians. Should such aborigines as are living within the bounds, or near the confines, of that State venture to attack the whites, they would soon be driven away and exterminated.

Homer.—The only way we know for "a young man who has not the means," to get money to pay his way through college, is to go to work and earn it. By laboring diligently and living frugally, you can save money enough, in a few years, to pay your college expenses

Columbian.—The young lady of course has a right to demand her letters of you, and you should at once give them up. If she has any of yours, she should return them; if she refuses so to do, you can properly hold hers until she will consent to an exchange of epistles.

James.—It is impossible for any one to say which is the most interesting book in the world. Each man can judge and say what book, of all the works he has seen, is most interesting to himself. It is so about everything else, which relates to choice, taste, or any affection, opinion or passion.

Lamartine.—You will run no risk of offending the young lady by telling her, either verbally or by letter, that you love her. Such information is always grateful to a woman, and to a man also.

J. N. N.—It is impossible to say whether or not you could get a situation in New Orleans, or anywhere else. If you go South, you should go in the fall. If you go in the spring the hot weather of the summer will be apt to finish you.

W. G. W.—When you are intimately acquainted with a lady, you can speak to her any time, without waiting for her to salute you first; but otherwise you should always wait for a lady to give you the first signal of recognition.

Lady Lightfoot.—The bunch of violets came to hand in as good a condition as could have been expected after their ride of a thousand miles in Uncle Sam's mail bags. We are obliged for your friendly wishes and your sprightly lines.

Adah Cornelia is respectfully informed that we have no recollection of the letter she refers to, nor of the question hinted at. If she wants it answered she will have to ask it over again.

Debater.—Your question is one that can not be "decided," except by the Supreme Court of the United States. We do not argue, or attempt to decide, political or theological questions.

X. M. C.—The circulation of the Ledger is greater than that of any ten other literary papers in America. The celebrated character Dugald Dalgetty figures in Scott's "Legend of Montrose."

Baltimorean.—When a city is spoken of as "large," "great," &c. reference is generally had to the number of its population and not to the extent of ground it covers.

Lemuel.—Return the letter, of course, as you have found from its contents that it could not have been intended for you.

Bruce.—Your apportunities for learning the trade of a machinist would be greater in a large city than in a small village.

J. B. H.—The lottery concern you mention has been broken up by Mayor Tieman. Your money is clean gone forever.

Molie.—No. A minor cannot be held to a marriage engagement, or any other, if he chooses to avoid it.

J. K.—Get as good an education as you can, and stick to the farm as your father wishes you to do.

P. C.—Stick to your legitimate employment

*** *Several letters stand over to be answered in our next.*